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THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1878. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 42. Price Ten Cents.

"DANGEROUS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Arm-in-arm they glide along,
Over the smooth and glassy ice—
She is tender and he is strong,
And both are undeniably nice!

Of all the pleasures the Winter brings,
Skating, she says, she thinks the best;
And he, as he does in other things,
Agrees at once with cordial zest.

"Dangerous!" is posted near.
Now, what is the meaning of that, do you think?
Will the treacherous ice, so smooth and clear,
Give way and let these skaters sink?

That isn't the question which they discuss,
Gliding along so gracefully;
It's not the ice that is dangerous,
But the manner of skating together, you see!

Her small hand rests on his manly arm,
Her fair face touches his sealskin hat;
She thrills him through with Love's own charm,
And you know there is always danger in that.

Gracefully now she turns her head,
So pretty her face, so bright are her eyes,
And her lips so temptingly ripe and red—
'Tis certainly there that the danger lies!

M. C.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature has framed strange fellows in her time.
—SHAKESPEARE.

As the sun sank behind the housetops and the last patch of smoke-dimmed crimson gave place to the dingy darkness which Londoners call twilight, a tall Italian walked silently and with the peculiar stealthiness of a cat down an old-fashioned street in Chelsea. Perhaps the rambling wooden houses, with their pointed gables and crossbeams, toned by time and the gloriously miserable English climate, and spotted here and there by latticed windows which seemed to have been designed for the purpose of keeping out the light as well as preventing anyone from seeing through them, reminded him of a certain small Italian town in which he had first drawn breath, or perhaps he was looking for that pretty familiar object, a public-house. Whatever his object, he stopped at the middle of the street, and, shivering slightly with the cold, although an Englishman would have called the day warm, gazed up and down, muttering:

"Filthy climate! Dante must surely have meant this detestable England when he made his infernal regions of ice. I vow by the saints I freeze on its hottest day. Ugh! What horrid place is this where one finds no cigar-shop, no cigar-sellers? Oh, Spaggola! woe to thee that thou shouldst leave thy Italia for such a purgatory as this befogged and dismal isle! Pah! why do I growl? A hungry dog must take his bone where it is thrown to him. Not that my bone has fallen yet. By St. Joseph! I fear me it will never leave the hand of the Fates which hold it. Ha! at last here is a den. Pah! why should I dub myself an idiot by asking for that which they cannot give? Wine! They know not what it is. The ambroisal nectar to them spells p-o-r-t or s-h-e-r-r-y—thick, hot, sweet, fiery, and altogether detestable. Ah, Spazzola, thou art doomed to horrid beer, bitter as gall, heavier than lead, and sour to the throat."

With this wholesale denunciation of one of the English leading articles of commerce he stepped into the low-browed public-house, which, being within sight of the water, had been dubbed "The Waterman's Arms," and above its heavy door was borne a fancy portrait of an impossible sailor rowing an impossible boat on an impossible piece of water. This work of art the Italian stopped to gaze at with wonder and sorrow, and an anathema on British art, which he transferred to British beer, as that delicious concoction of malt, treacle, sugar, blacking, and Heaven knows what besides, rolled down his throat. Behind the little bar, which was scrupulously clean, a young girl fluttered about—not serving, because, excepting the Italian, there was no one to serve. In her bright blue dress, upon the neck of which fell a shower of black hair, she looked pretty and enticing in the extreme, and Spazzola, a true Italian in his admiration of the beautiful, whether embodied in a graceful water-butt or a pretty girl, having nothing better to do, sought to forget his disgust for the beer by engaging in a little dit-that, so commenced by establishing himself in a comfortable attitude and uttering the remark that there were not many customers.

"No," said the girl, "not in the afternoon. We get them in the evening, when the watermen and lightermen come off."

"Come off where?" asked the Italian, with his foreign accent and puzzled raising of the eyebrows.

"The river, of course," replied the girl.

"Ah, soh!" assented the Italian. "And do not the gentlemen, the—what do you call them?—the nobles, come and play their dominoes—eh?"

"Nobles! Bless me, no," said the girl, laughing. "There are no nobles in Chelsea, and not many gentlemen either. Leastways," she added, "we don't see them here. In the Summer sometimes the boating gentlemen come down as far as this, but they're very noisy and want serving all at once, and that aint what I call gentlemanly. There's no one can pull a pint of beer quicker than I can, but when it comes to twenty people wanting twenty pints of ale and twenty bottles of ginger-pop all in two minutes and a half, I'm not equal to it."

"No. What for do they want 'pop?'" queried the Italian, to whom, tolerably well acquainted with the English language though he was, fresh slang words cropped up daily to puzzle him.

"To drink, of course," retorted the damsel. "'Pop' is what we call ginger-beer, for short."

"Ah, ah! I see, I see," said the Italian, ejaculating in his own language, "Ginger-beer! What will these English not use for their vile liquor? Ginger! Oh, St. Marie! Have you no gentlemen who veesit here of an evening for a little *conversazione?*"

"We don't sell it, if they did," said the girl; but, gleaning from the puzzled expression of Spazzola's face that she had misunderstood him, caught at his meaning and added: "Oh, I know. No. Most of the people about here never go out. They're a most unsociable lot. Why, I've knowed some people livin' in this street for four years, and only send for supper beer twice the whole time."

"It ees shameful!" said the Italian, looking greatly shocked, though, in his heart considering what supper beer was, he admired them for their abstinence.

"There is another gentleman as has been lodgin' in the street for more than ten months, and he aint been inside the doors, although he always passes it after dark."

"After dark!" repeated the Italian, greatly interested in an individual who possessed a habit so particularly his own. "Does he not walk out in the day?"

"No, never," replied the girl; "and when he does go out at night he is wrapped up to such an extent you can't see more than the tip of his nose and his black hair, which, by the way in which it falls about the collar of his cloak, and by the cloak, too, which is a beastly thing, just like a foreigner's, I should say as he was an Italian."

"Italian!" repeated Spazzola. "Ees that so? A countryman of mine! I am Italian," he ejaculated, striking his breast. "Where does he live, *la mia figlia?*"

"There, in the top room of that house," she replied, pointing to the top window of an old-fashioned house across the street. "He lives there all day, doing something—working, I suppose—and comes out like a bat or an owl at night," and she laughed at the comparison.

"It is strange," said the Italian, his dark eyes fixed on the ground thoughtfully. "I think I will go and speak with my countryman. What say you, *la mia figlia?* Is he amiable, polite, a *bon camrade?*"

"I should say not," said the barmaid. "From all I have heard, I should think he was a regular crusty old fellow. But why don't you go and see for yourself? He'd be glad to see a countryman, if he is an Italian."

"I weel," said the Italian. "I wish you good-day, senora. The spot is charming, your beer is superb, and yourself—ah, me! and I once refused to believe there were any angels on the earth!"

With these words he stepped through the doorway, and, looking cautiously around him, walked slowly up to the house the girl had pointed out to him. While he was lounging softly past, meditating upon the mode in which he should effect an entry, the door opened, and a servant ran across the street to a chandler's shop, leaving the door ajar. With a mental blessing on the propitious fates, Spazzola, with the speed and noiselessness of a snake, darted into the passage, and, listening for a moment at the foot of the stairs, walked up. At the second flight a door opened and a woman looked out; but Spazzola's face looked so calm and his step was so staid and unflurried that the woman's suspicions, if she had any, were allayed, and, muttering "Going up to the top, I suppose," withdrew her head and slammed the door. As he neared the top landing the Italian's footsteps became almost noiseless, and, bending forward, he stole up the stairs like a cat, his hand instinctively grasping the handle of the stiletto beneath his cloak. Given a background of some rotting Italian palace instead of the faded paper of the dingy staircase, and he would have made an interesting picture.

"This must be it," he muttered, and stooped down at the keyhole of the door. "Almost dark. Can see no one. I will knock. Courage, Spazzola; this may lead to business," and he knocked softly at the door.

No answer. He waited for two minutes, and knocked again, this time louder. Still no answer. Then he listened breathlessly, and, hearing nothing, tried the handle of the door. It was locked.

"Soh!" he muttered, "my sweet child was wrong for once. This owl does fly by day. I am curious. It is a mere plaything, this lock. Pah! We will for amusement—mark me, only amusement—take one peep at the owl's nest."

With a smile that lit up his face like a flash of sunlight and showed his glittering teeth, he took from his pocket a small steel instrument, inserted it in the hole, turned it with a peculiar twist of the hand, and opened the door. An exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips as the interior of the room met his view. Beside the plain table and chair, piece of square carpet, and poverty-stricken aspect, the room, though utterly devoid of anything approaching comfort in the way of furniture, was filled in one corner with an easel, upon which shone the commencement of what promised to be a superb study of an old country-house. On the walls glistened a number of unframed pictures, women's heads, bits of landscape, a scene from one of Racine's plays, a scrap of forest foliage, and the portrait of a superb mastiff, all bearing about them the evidence of a master-hand, which the Italian, no mean critic, detected at a glance. On the plain deal table, lying beside palettes and brushes, were a cup of water and a crust of bread. Taking off his hat with an air of profound respect, Spazzola entered.

"It is superb," he murmured, "superb. I have found a Carlo Dolci, a Titian, a Rubens, a —— St. Peter! what colors! what forms! It is magnificent. Spazzola, thou art in a great man's studio. Tread softly. Dry bread and water! O genius! thou dost always starve, and thus, being light, canst float to Heaven, while heavier souls are chained to earth. And this," he continued, going to the easel, "this is——Ah, Heaven! what is this? These leaves! this sky! It is he! At last! My soul, keep thou within my bosom. I have him at last! Spazzola," he cried, throwing up his hands in a frenzy of delight, "thou art not mistaken. Thy prey is in thy grasp. St. Marie! If Felise could see this and these," waving his arms towards the pictures, "would she not die of joy, of malice, of desire? At last! at last! Oh, monsieur, milord, duke or whatever they call you, Spazzola's claws are round thy throat and purse!"

CHAPTER XIV.

This is my kingdom; these my subjects.
My sceptre is their love,
My throne their hearts.

Lady Mildred and the young ladies found Chudleigh Chichester in one of the narrow avenues of flowers in the impromptu place of exhibition, the school-room. The place was crowded with the villagers and farm-laborers, Hodge staring with grinning admiration at the rows of dazzling nature-jewels, and the small tradesman and servants flocking to and fro amidst a storm of delighted expressions. At the farther end of the room stood Sir Fielding, Mrs. Gregson and Mr. Gregson, chatting affably and examining a splendid specimen of amber rose. Chudleigh, surrounded by an affectionately respectable group of his admiring tenants, was admiring a fine specimen of an English juvenile as the ladies approached him, and looked up with a start and a pleased smile as he recognized the stately figure of Carlotta.

"What did you mean, Chud., by ordering us here an hour too soon?" said Lady Mildred, smiling right and left at the reverential group which made way for her.

Chudleigh flushed slightly, and stooped to pick up a flower tablet.

"I thought you would like to look over the flowers quietly—that is, before the doors were open," and he stole a glance at the grand face of Carlotta.

But she was looking at a camelia, and did not appear to have heard either the question or the answer.

"Oh, was that it?" said Lady Mildred. "Of course. How stupid of me! We might have guessed the reason, my dear," turning to Carlotta. "Never mind, Chudleigh; you shall take us all through now," and she placed her exquisitely-gloved hand upon his arm. "I think," she said, "I see Sir Fielding and your mamma, my dear. I'll go and speak to them. Don't trouble to come, Chud.; I can make my way. See to the girls," and her ladyship, with a pleasant smile, made her way to the group at the end of the room, where she could be heard talking with rapid good nature, delighting the Gregsons by her amiability and pleasing Sir Fielding, for he was then left to walk out into the open air away from the crowd and the show.

"Who told you that you were an hour too soon, Miss Lawley?" said Chudleigh, having by some means or other—probably not unaided by Maud—managed to separate Carlotta from the throng and inveigle her, under the pretense of inspecting a fine tulip, into an almost deserted corner.

"Maud, I think," said Carlotta, lifting her eyes to his, but dropping them beneath his gaze, which would be admiring, try hard though he did to make their expression simply respectfully calm. "No, not Maud. One of the Miss Gregsons. It was a mistaken kindness."

"How gracious of you to say so!" he said quickly.

She raised her brows.

"We should have had more time and room in which to see the flowers."

"Ah, yes," he said disappointedly; "that was what I meant."

"All this must have given you a great deal of trouble," said Carlotta as they walked on.

"Not much," said Chudleigh. "It was quickly arranged, and Maud has been a valuable help. I would not mind undergoing twice the trouble to give these simple souls one quarter the pleasure they are evidently taking in the affair."

Carlotta glanced at him—he was looking another way—with a sudden light in her eyes that made them look more beautiful because more tender and eloquent; but she said, coldly enough:

"They look pleased; so you have your reward. That is a fine specimen. Who exhibits it?"

"The old bedridden woman at the end of the church lane. She has tended it like a baby—it is a baby to her, I expect. Lady Mildred would do wise to give her a prize. I have put her name on the list."

"And this," said Carlotta, pointing to a rhododendron.

"That is from the workhouse at Annsleigh. An old pauper brought it over this morning, and asked if it might be put among the others. It was placed—while he waited—beside those from The Folly and Hall. He was delighted."

"It is a very fine one, is it not?" said Carlotta.

"Capital," said Chudleigh.

"Are you going to give it a prize?"

"No, we cannot. There are better ones in the room, and we are playing fairly, you know."

"Would you let me give a prize for those two, then?" said Carlotta, with a sudden change from her old manner to a hesitating, almost humble one.

"Let you?" said Chudleigh eagerly. "Of course, Miss Lawley, and very grateful that you should take such interest in us."

"Thank you," said Carlotta. "I did not know whether I might; you are so inflexible in your laws and rules, Mr. Chichester, when they are made for the good and management of your little kingdom, that I trembled," and she smiled, "lest I was proposing something treasonable."

At her tone, which was almost sarcastic in her endeavor to regain the composure she had lost for the moment, Chudleigh's look of happiness died away, and, with something like anger, he said:

"You have full permission from the throne to do anything you choose, even to the disposing of the kingdom or planning a new set of laws, though I fear so small a government would be too trivial and ridiculous for you who have seen so much, governed so many."

She saw the smarting of his wound in his grave voice and brave smile, and at once healed it.

"Will the king forgive me?" she said, in her low, sweet voice, which had the charming power of a Circe's; which he misunderstood!

Chudleigh turned his face to her with a flash of the eye and a quick pressure of the hand upon her own that made her tremble.

"Let us go to Lady Mildred," she said quietly, before he could speak, and, recovering himself at her once more cold tone, he bowed in silence and led her on.

Lady Mildred, surrounded by the "committee," as Chudleigh had termed the Gregsons and Sir Fielding, was going over the various names of the exhibitors to whom Sir Fielding and Mr. Gregson had decided prizes were meritoriously due.

"Oh, do come here, Chud.," said she; "I'm feeling so confused, and your father cannot, or will not, help me at all. Tell me how you pronounce that word—it's Latin, and I can't get hold of it. Sir Fielding has told me three times, but laughed so that I could not hear him."

Chudleigh stooped down to spell over the Latin noun, and Carlotta glided from his side to Sir Fielding, who welcomed her with a genial smile, and commenced scolding her for not coming over to the Hall.

"I have missed you so much," he said, with his pleasant, thoroughbred voice. "It is cruel of you to keep away from us after leading us to hope that we should be good friends. You promised to tell me about the Emperor's translation of Sophocles," and Didiano's copy of 'Æschylus.' If you have forgotten your debts, I have not. Why do you not come to us as often as you said you would, Miss Lawley?"

Carlotta smiled as she only smiled at him.

"Will you believe me, Sir Fielding, when I tell you I have been busy? Lady Mildred and I have been working in the conservatory and the garden, at the aviary and the needle-frame most arduously."

"Then I shall order a holiday," said Sir Fielding, with a smile. "Lady Mildred and you must come over to the Hall straight to-day—straight from here—nay, I will take no refusal. I will beg Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Gregson to join us. Ah! here's Chudleigh; he shall make you prisoners."

"I am waiting your majesty's instructions concerning your two subjects who have been fortunate enough to meet your approval," said Chudleigh in a low voice, all eager and business-like, yet calm and unflurried, although the noise was getting louder and louder as the time for the distribution of the prizes approached. Carlotta looked down thoughtfully.

"I really don't know how much to give them," she said. "Will ten pounds be enough each?"

"Too much," said Chudleigh decisively. "Would you have all the rest jealous?"

"Five, then?" said Carlotta.

"Five will do," said Chudleigh; and away he went to the table again.

Then Maud came up, followed by the faithful Tom, who walked behind, watching the crowd with a bewildering air, and wondering within his mind how the people could possibly pay so much attention to the poor patches of blossom and leaf, when the most glorious flower in the whole world was walking in their midst. Presently Lady Mildred came forward with the list in her hand, and proceeded to distribute the prizes, which consisted of money for the poorer class, and gifts of books and useful articles for the higher grade of contributors. It was amusing to watch the way in which the various successful candidates received their prizes. The round, baby-faced Hodge, who had to be pushed forward by his excited friends, came up, scratching his head, and blushing like his familiar carrot, taking the money when he got it as if he did not know what to do with it, looking as near a sudden death from over-shyness as it was possible for him to be. One or two stalwart gardeners, more *au fait* at this sort of thing, stepped up with a business-like air, and took their golden sovereigns as their right; while two old women, who had reared some fuchsias in a cottage of two rooms to a state of perfection, came up slowly, leaning upon their sticks, and crowed out: "Heaven bless ye, my laydee!" in acknowledgment.

FANNY ELLSLER, Dancer.

See Amusement Annals.

After this rather elaborate business was disposed of, the meeting caught an attack of cheering, and a sturdy young farmer, whose head overtopped by some inches the remainder of the crowd, took the lead in a series of hurrahs from Lady Mildred down to Mr. Tom Gregson, whose surprise at such a display of enthusiasm for him was only outstripped by his embarrassment. Then Chudleigh marshaled his people out, and returned to Sir Fielding, who immediately commissioned him with the invitations. All were accepted, and Lady Mildred and Carlotta drove off to the Hall, while the Gregsons galloped home to change their habits and morning suits for the conventional dinner costume.

The dinner was a very pleasant, almost a merry one, for the Gregson element introduced a great deal of laughter, which Lady Mildred's genial yet thoroughbred manner nicely toned down. Mr. Gregson senior engaged Sir Fielding in a political argument, but of so mild a nature that it did not create more attention than was due, notwithstanding the once or twice emphasized assertion to which Sir Fielding had gently shook his head by banging the delicate wine-glass on the table. Maud joined in the conversation going on around, and bent her beautiful smile and attentive ear to her next neighbor—of course, Mr. Tom—with her usual gentleness; but a keen observer would have discovered that many of the bashful young man's speeches were unheard by her, and that the gentle smile served only to hide a wistful, almost sad expression that broke the revelrie every now and then.

At the end of the table Carlotta Lawley was seated next Chudleigh, who minister-ed to her every want, and seemed to supply every wish before it was expressed. Chudleigh, being hungry, talked little until the joint had vanished, and then found that Miss Bella Gregson, on the opposite side of the table, demanded a great deal of his attention.

"Mr. Chichester," said that young lady, "do you believe Mr. Grier says that she likes Mr. Chatplaine's sermons ——"

"Some of them," I said," put in Maud quietly.

"Well, some of them. Now, Mr. Chichester, I want your opinion of them. I can't read them, really. Oh, they are dreadful; such low-church ones and so very heretical," and Miss Bella shook her head gravely. "I am sure you don't approve of them, Mr. Chichester."

"I don't indeed," said Chudleigh rather absently, who was engaged in cutting from an *epergne* for Carlotta.

"I am so glad!" said Miss Bella.

"Eh, what's that?" said Sir Fielding, attracted by the joyous exclamation, and, fortunately for Chudleigh, the discussion on the Rev. Tobias Chatplaine's sermons was transferred from son to father.

"I have a new picture to show you in the gallery," said Chudleigh to Carlotta as the ladies rose. "Would you like to look at it? It is by an unknown artist—by unknown I mean undiscovered."

Carlotta, whose love for art was always at passion heat, answered at once:

"A new picture? I should be delighted!"

"Very well, I shall search for you beside the piano in the drawing-room, and bear you off," and her eyes lit up as he held the door for her.

Of course Mr. Gregson liked old port, and of course the Hall had old port, though not so old or so fine as The Folly, as Sir Fielding graciously admitted; and the four gentlemen were soon leaning back in an easy attitude, produced by a nicely-executed dinner and the passing bottle. The two younger men, having lost their hearts with the ladies, were content to sit and listen, putting in or exchanging a word now and then with their revered parents, who of course were on politics.

"Progress, sir," Mr. Gregson was saying, waving his hand with an upward motion. "Progress, Sir Fielding, is the great law of nature. Everything must grow, crop, man, woman, supply, demand ——"

"Taxes—that is under a Liberal government," murmured Sir Fielding, with a twinkle of the eyes.

"Education," continued Mr. Gregson, taking no notice of the parenthesis, "commerce and the fine arts—all are growing, sir ——"

"And a blowing," muttered Tom, though to himself, and thinking, perhaps, of the flower-show.

"All are tending to one great end—the emancipation of the workingman."

"From what do you want the workingman emancipated?" asked Sir Fielding.

"From slavery, sir," thundered Mr. Gregson, banging the table. "From the crushing feet of the tyrant Capital, from the giant Caste, from, from ——"

"A position in which they are a great deal better off than the workingman of any other nation under the sun and thousands of really educated men," said Sir Fielding, sipping his port-wine.

"Better off!" exclaimed Mr. Gregson. "Look at them! See their wives, their children clothed in rags, packed in dens to which our sheep-folds are palaces, and then tell me that the workingman of this mighty empire is a free and independent being."

Sir Fielding pushed the bottle, and blew his nose—perhaps to hide the smile which the Manchester man's stump declamation certainly deserved.

"Oh, I haven't given so much time or consideration to the subject as yourself, Mr. Gregson," he said, "and therefore do not feel myself a match for you; still I must declare I see nothing in the condition of the English workingman to merit commiseration; on the contrary, I think the country has much to congratulate itself upon when it sees a body strong enough to assert itself so loudly as does the typical political workman."

"You are a Tory, sir," said Mr. Gregson, with gracious pity, "and see things in a different light."

"And you are a Liberal," retorted Sir Fielding smilingly, "and in some cases take care to see things with no light to them at all."

Neither Chudleigh nor Tom Gregson could refrain from laughing at this epigrammatical retort, and in the midst of their good humor Sir Fielding stopped the discussion by rising to join the ladies. This was not the first time politics had served as battle-ground for the The Folly and the Hall, but at present the arena was covered with sawdust, and the fight a mimic one; later on it was destined to be a stern conflict, in which wealth and caste, pride and party, principle and interest, were to wage war to the knife.

CHAPTER XV.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.
SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
JOSEPH ADDISON'S "CATO."

Chudleigh found the ladies disposed about the drawing-room in this wise: Lady Mildred and Mrs. Gregson comfortably ensconced in easy-chairs, chatting over domestic affairs, and comparing notes on dress and matrimonial intrigue; Maud and the girls clustered at the piano, where Carlotta was playing. Chudleigh went and leaned against the piano, literally overshadowing the performer, who wound up with a dash, and, looking up, said, with mock solemnity:

"Mr. Chichester, I have been playing in the dark for some minutes in consequence of your being opake instead of transparent, as you should be if you intend standing in front of the candles."

Chudleigh laughed.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "My excuse is ——"

"Don't listen to his excuse, Carlotta, dear," said Maud, shaking his arm. "And don't forgive him."

"I don't think I will," said Carlotta, laughing and rising from the stool. "Now, Miss Gregson, I claim the fulfillment of your promise."

"Oh, I don't know what to play," simpered Miss Lavinia, with an affectation of nervelessness, though she was singularly self-possessed and a very tolerable player. "I haven't any music, either."

"Let me see if I cannot find you a piece," said Chudleigh, cheerfully preparing to go through the usual farce, and stooping to turn over the canterbury.

After a quarter of an hour's excuses, and backing and jibing, as her brother called it, Miss Lavinia consented to seat herself, and commenced to play, Chudleigh blocking the light for one minute only, and crossing over to the corner where Carlotta sat turning the leaves of Tennyson's last poem.

"Have you forgotten the picture?" he asked, bending over her.

"No," she said, looking up. "We will wait till Miss Gregson has finished, and then go and see it."

"Why wait?" he asked. "You have heard 'The Maiden's Prayer' twenty times at least. Come now."

She took his offered arm, and, saying in a low voice to his father that he was going to show Miss Lawley the new picture, he led her into the hall.

"I will come with you," said Sir Fielding, with unconscious good nature; but, fortunately for Chudleigh's almost overtried temper, Mr. Tom Gregson buttonholed the Baronet about a horse he was anxious Sir Fielding should buy for Maud.

"Do you remember when we were in here last?" said Chudleigh, dropping his voice almost to a whisper as they trod the polished oak of the gallery.

"Yes," replied Carlotta, "and the trouble you were kind enough to take in explaining the pictures to me."

"I didn't wish to recall that," said Chudleigh. "Trouble? I should be almost angry with you for using the word, only I am aware you know it is the wrong one. Say rather 'delight,' Miss Lawley ——"

"Where is the picture?" interrupted Carlotta, with hurried eagerness, walking unconsciously faster in her anxiety to stop him.

"Ah, yes, the picture; it is here," he said, flushing, and he pointed to a small piece of forest with a man and a dog lying beneath a clump of trees. "That is it."

Carlotta bent down and looked at the picture for some minutes in silence, at first with an interest caused by its beauty, then, suddenly, with an exclamation of surprise and a keener gaze. Looking up, she said:

"Do you know the artist?"

"No," he said. "Nor can we find out. Do you?"

"No," she replied; "but I have seen the picture before, and several others painted by the same hand. They are masterpieces. This hue—that piece of coloring there—could only be painted by one hand—the hand that drew the 'Cleopatra' which filled Florence with admiration, and the piece of sea-scape—that which the Prince purchased—you know the picture I mean?"

"Yes," said Chudleigh, with surprise; then, with a look of admiration, "and you are sure this is by the same man?"

"I think I am certain," replied Carlotta.

Chudleigh muttered something and the beautiful woman looked down.

"What did you say?"

"You will be angry, perhaps, if I tell you?" said Chudleigh.

She shook her head.

"I was marveling at your knowledge," he said. "Every day you astonish me by unconsciously showing how immeasurably more clever you are than the rest of womankind," and he sighed.

Carlotta smiled.

"That is very gross flattery," she said. "You should learn to wrap your compliments in silver tissue, or you will not even get the vainest to accept them as true metal."

"It was no compliment," he said with simple gravity, fixing his great, earnest eyes on her face.

"Then you should not have said it," she retorted.

"You promised you would not be angry," he said.

"Nor am I," she replied, raising her eyes to his with another flash of light that sent the blood, already exceedingly excited, racing through his veins.

"I should not have said it," he murmured. "Must I always remain dumb in your presence? I am almost, for I fear to say a word lest it should anger you—I know not why, for I am seldom so cautious. Miss Lawley, I have fancied that you are unusually cold to me—not unkind, that you cannot be, but reserved and ——O Carlotta! I must speak out. Why do you treat me as if I had done you some wrong, as if I am one to be kept at a distance? You shun me while you are gracious to others, who cannot reverence you more than I do. Tell me how I, who love the very ground on which you tread, have merited your dislike—I had almost said disdain! Tell me why. Ah, Carlotta, don't look so coldly at me. If you knew how I love you, how I have loved you since the night I came and found you seated like an angel at my father's side, if you knew —— how should you know of the passion that eats my very life up, and fills me night and day with but one thought—one longing for you!"

Flashing like a burst of sunlight, he caught her arm and drew her towards him. She looked at him for an instant with the old cold look, then turned white, her lips quivering and her eyes filling with tears. His heart leapt as his eyes read these signs of her emotion, and he uttered a low cry of joy that died on his lips, as with a great effort she drew herself from his grasp, and, turning her head aside, said sadly:

"Not a word more. It cannot be!"

"Cannot be?" he cried in a low, thrilling voice. "It is! How can I help loving you? I must! 'It cannot be!' O Carlotta! tell me why?"

Though the agony that trembled in his voice pierced her heart, she remained motionless and silent.

He drew himself up for a moment, then looked on the ground; suddenly he started, and, taking her hand, said:

"Carlotta, for Heaven's sake tell me at once if I am wrong. You know—you have heard of our misfortune. You know that the Hall is ruined, that I am a beggar! O Heaven! I had forgotten it!" and he hid his face in his hands.

She turned towards him with a sudden gesture, but recovered herself and stood silent. The great Hall clock chimed the hour. He waited until its last stroke had died away, then, with averted face, held out his arm. She took it, and the quiver that ran through him at her touch scattered her almost supernatural calm to the winds. Catching at his arm, she cried, almost hoarsely:

"Listen, Chudleigh! Before you judge me, hear my story and my confession. I love you! —— Stop! not a word! Do not touch me. I owe it to you, for I shall nearly break your heart—my own is breaking. I have sworn to marry a rich man—you are ruined now. Don't shrink; you would pity, not scorn me, if you knew the story of the young girl that had to negotiate her own wooing. Chudleigh, from a child I have lived, eaten, slept with poverty—poverty in its worst form—poverty clad in dishonor, tricked out in deceit. He who gave me life, my father, was a poor man, a man who lived one continual falsehood, a schemer for daily bread, daily life; a man who lived one long life of plotting misery, driven here and there by the grim poverty that like a fiend hounded him from court to court, from city to city, plotting, planning, scheming—O Chudleigh!—cheating for the dross that makes the world; and I was with him, always an accomplice in his schemes, a tool in his knavish hand. My life has been a torture. I have heard the sneer, the scoff and the bitter sarcasm leveled at me in my very face. I have known what it is to be scorned as an adventurer and a thief! Chudleigh, from childhood up till now I have walked the road which only genteel poverty knows, hand-in-hand in misery, and I have sworn to leave the path I never so soon as One comes forward to take me by the hand. I a poor man's wife—I, who know all that the word 'poor' means when it is joined to 'gentleman'—no, never! I have sworn it, and I will not break my vow."

Like a queen she drew herself up to her full height and stood with outstretched hands and blazing eyes, from which the teardrops still glistened. Chudleigh stood looking at her, scarcely hearing each word distinctly, yet grasping her meaning with a clearness that tortured his heart almost beyond bearing; then, when she had finished, he raised his eyes with a dumb, piteous agony, and struggling with his voice, that sounded harsh and hollow as a dying man, said:

"You will not break your vow, but you will break my heart!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MODERN SOCIETY PLAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

She is married to a man
Whom, of course, she doesn't care for;
Has a child that isn't hers
(Never mind the "why" or "wherefore").
There's another secret, too—
What it is we need discover
Till her husband goes to sea—
Presto! then appears the lover.
She admits her love for him.
Doesn't love her lord and master.
Yet she claims herself to be
White and pure as alabaster.
He protests and she resists.
She is stubborn, he is haughty.
Then she falls into his arms—
Really, this is getting naughty.
Nothing now but instant flight.
"Let us hasten while we're able!"
Heaves husband back from sea—
Left his anchor on the table.
"Villain!"—music tremolo—
"Meet me in the lane to-morrow;
Pistols" And the curtain falls
On a scene of tears and sorrow.
Then the duel; both parties polite.
Husband has a wicked eye, though;
"Sure dre" pistol don't go off.
But the lover has to die, though.
Husband bids his wife farewell
In a manner cool and placid;
She, on being left alone,
Dies through grief and prussic acid.
Drop the curtain—all is ended.
Verdict: "Why, it's something splendid!"

"BLUEBELL."

MY WIFE'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY J. MILT HOFFMAN.

This is my wife's story, told me the day we were married, in the presence of the minister, her adopted uncle, and several others. I did not marry my wife for money, but I knew that she had some when I married her, which, if you are an unfeeling lunatic, you will say amounts to the same thing. But here is her story, money or no money, just as it fell from her lips on that happy day fifteen years ago.

"I have lived here in San Francisco five years," she began, "and attended school all the while. My adopted uncle, Arthur Brigham, has been very kind to me, and I know that I must have tried his patience more than once with my wild ways and heedless disposition. You will hardly think now that I was born in staid old Boston; but such is the fact. My father was a roving actor, and my mother kept him company on the stage. As I remember them, they were both young and handsome, and as talented as they were poor, which is saying considerable.

"I was eight years old when my parents took it into their heads to try their luck in California. They did not hesitate long, but started, taking me with them. This was long before the iron horse had crossed the plains, so we went by wagon in a company of fifty persons.

"It does not matter what we saw the first few weeks; the occurrences of the last three or four days are of more importance. Twice we were attacked by Indians, and twice we came out victorious. Then, late one October afternoon, a large band of swarthy devils swept down upon us, and then one of the bloodiest fights ever known took place. The ground was crimson with human gore; shrieks, shouts, and screams rent the air, and furious the battle raged.

"I was a little girl at the time—only eight years old—but the horrible scene still ha

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

FAIR PLAY, Syracuse.—Although conscious that not one player in a thousand is aware of it, yet we repeat that A could not have played with his own ball except at the risk of having the same kind of "foul" claimed against him that B had made. We are not deciding stake-money away at the call of unknown parties. That is the function of the referee of the game. If there was no referee, or if it is agreed upon by the players to ignore his ruling, let the two players submit the case to us fully, above their own signatures, and we shall probably adjudge one side or the other entitled to the money. It may appear, after a full statement, that neither side is entitled to it. So far, we can only give the law: A could not play with his own ball from where B had left it; and if the referee ruled that A could so play, B was justified in refusing to go on with the game until the referee had, as provided by the rules, revoked his decision. Not even a referee can, in billiards, go outside of the rules.

JOHN A. BROPHY.—I. Ira A. Fall defeated Capt. Bogardus in their first championship match, shot on Long Island, Jan. 25, 1871. The second match between them, also for the championship, took place at Fleetwood Park, May 23, same year, Bogardus winning. July 10 following they again contended for the championship badge, at Chicago, Ill., Paine being beaten; score, 91 to 89. This badge became the personal property of Bogardus after he had defeated W. H. Tinker for it at Chicago, May 15, 1873, and on the day following he again defeated Paine, at the same place, in a match for $500, fifty single birds. 2. One set of women.

C. S., Sacramento.—It's ten counted first, if B, along with low, made neither high, jack nor game. In all those games, whether they are called sancho with the nine spot, bernardo with the five holdings with the three counting 26, the four original points count first, and in this order—high, low, jack, game. Then come the other cards according to their differing values—26 counts first, and sancho 9, after the 10, and so on.

IRA BERRY, Portland.—The schooner-yacht *America* was, some time after her victories in English waters, sold to Captain John De Blaquiere of the British Army, in India. During the early part of the Civil War she was captured while trying to run the blockade at one of the Southern ports, and remained in possession of the U. S. Government until sold by auction and purchased by Gen. Butler.

W. S., Canandsigua.—There are about a dozen temperance dramas, the chief of which are "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "The Drunkard," and "The Drunkard's Home," usually called "The Drunkard." The catalogue of French & Son, 122 Nassau street, this city, contains those and eight others. Send for that catalogue, and choose to suit yourself.

G. A. D., South Norwalk.—1. A three and a quartet of fours count 20. 2. It is optional with him to play either. 3. That cannot be counted according to cribbage, since it is not cribbage. Should we begin playing under the impropriety, it would go on until we should finally have to state how many points a hand of fifty two cards counted, "according to cribbage."

CUBANO, Schenectady.—1. No answers as to newspaper circulation. 2. Pumicestone. 3. There is, of course, no way except by subscribing and then forwarding your address whenever it is changed. *Hindostan* is English; *Afar Indies* is Scotch. 4. We know nothing of these advertisers. 6. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 7. Consult a druggist or physician.

BARTENDER, Chicago.—1. You may obtain photos of Heenan and Mace by addressing Ed. James, 38 Centre street, this city. 2. Heenan was born at West Troy, N. Y., May 2, 1834, and died at Green river Station, Wyoming, Oct. 1, 1873. 3. Mace was winning. 4. Mace's right. 5. Allen, 5ft. 10in. The latter is the heavier man. 5. Dark-complexioned.

P. G. H., Forks of the Road.—1. It is not known where the pole-dog originated. The supposition is that it came from the East, was introduced into Spain, and thence was carried to England many centuries ago. 2. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC has them. 3. William Brown is colored.

T. H., Auburn.—Joe Coburn and Jim Mace fought a draw near Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov 30, 1871. They fought 12 rounds in 35 min. They had previously met in May last year, in Canada, not a blow being struck during the 1h. 17m. they faced each other, the military then dispersing the crowd.

G. J., Trenton.—1. The following papers are published in New Mexico: *The Republican Review*, Albuquerque; *The News*, Cimaaron; *The Railway Press and Telegraph*, Las Vegas; *The Gazette*, Las Vegas; *The Advance*, Santa Fe. *Union*, Santa Fe. 2. Inquire at the Penn. Railroad ticket-office in your city.

ROX, Brookline.—Any person rowing in a race where money prizes are offered, or contending with or against a professional for a prize of any kind, is debarred from taking part in any amateur athletic contest—not on the money prizes are offered, or contending with or against the ground specified, but in respect of sports above stated. 2. The same rule applies to this question.

KROGH, Lynn.—1. We have no authentic record of time made here at that distance. 2. Robert Coombes threw the hammer 113 ft. 3in. with a strong tide and the wind in his favor, in England. Ellis Ward is said to have done it in 5-01, at Savannah, Ga., in 1872.

BOOTH, Mace.—You will find it difficult to get an engagement with a traveling company, as they seldom have vacancies after starting on a tour. Go to some city where there is a permanent theatre and seek to obtain an engagement to play general utility. 2. Handwriting is fair.

W. R. F. C., Moline.—If your "don" is a higher card than sancho, the order is high, low, jack, game, don, sancho, pedro, not the four points of the game of cribbage, which are all of equal value, those innovations count first which are represented by the highest cards.

G. M. M.—1. There is no difference. Some people endeavor to make a distinction, but it is strained. 2. In the second instance it ignores the unmistakable language of a simple proposition. 2. A loses the first, and D the second.

F. D. H., Chicago.—1. J. M. Saigo & Co., 238 Sixth avenue; J. J. Vantine & Co., 827 to 831 Broadway; and the First Japanese Mig. and Trading Co., 865 Broadway. 2. Cannot give you any advice. 3. Dr. Julius A. Schultz is the United States Consul-general in the City of Mexico.

T. G. F., North Attleboro.—The leading public gymnasia of this city are Prof. John Wood's, No. 6 East Twenty-eighth street; Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, and Prof. C. F. Ottignon's, University place and Thirteenth street.

GAMBLER, Chicago.—Those extracts were published in Harpers' for November or December last. 2. Address them as to the book. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia in 1859 published a translation by R Shelton Mackenzie. Its price is $1.50.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Catherines.—Cool Burgess is said to have received the largest salary per week ever paid to any Ethiopian performer, but it didn't continue very long, and he is not the only one who has received the same salary on occasions.

P. E. T., Hartford.—1. The first is stowed away by the barrel in the South, being held by families in the hope that one day special legislation will make it worth its face. There is none of it up here. 2. The second might also be procured at police headquarters in Hartford.

U. F. S., Buffalo.—1. James A. Oates, her first husband, is dead. 2. Jan. 9. 3. She denies that she has any husband living. 4. An inquiry at the box-office of the theatre will elicit the information. 5. We cannot say. 6, 7. Sophie Worrell is the wife of George S. Knight.

MACREADY, Louisville.—1. Boydell's shakespeare is full of plates. The price of the American edition, which can be bought in this city, is $100. 2. Many stars do. It is not necessary that any should, however.

STEEL WORKS, Pittsburg, Pa.—Jem Allen and Hogan fought a draw, 3 rounds, 16min., ring broken in, at Pacific City, Iowa, Nov. 18, 1873. 2. When last heard from he was in the Pennsylvania oil regions.

F. D., Greenfield.—1. There are four reservoirs in this city. The largest are those in Central Park. 2. Bernard Covert is living, and the method proposed should be adopted.

A. B., Smithville Flats.—C, who gave two and made high-jack, is out on his high. The fact that B made his low before C made his two, or before C made any at all, is immaterial.

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—It cannot be done. Even the Union reports are unreliable, being below the number. It is so with turbine reports also. The Confederate reports are those respects are valueless.

NELLIE.—If ever there has been obligation, it is now wholly upon our side. Saddle us with the like indebtedness whenever opportunity presents. We shall institute search this week, and report in our next.

I. L., Patrolia.—1. Married to a non professional lady who does not desire her name published. 2. She is unmarried. 3. Try and get an engagement with some company visiting your city.

TWO FORTY.—1. Tom Sayers' weight when he fought Heenan is stated to have been 160lb. Whether this is correct or not, he never scaled heavier in any battle than he did then. 2. Jim Mace was champion of heavy weights.

J. M., Sacramento.—Both decide, and kept in the highest card in the game about to be played—jack in euchre, and ace in seven-up. No answers verbally, or by mail or telegraph.

S. L., Saco.—She is a good character change vocalist. Similar performers receive from $40 to $60 per week, according to merit and reputation and length of engagement.

WERSING.—Harrigan and Hart acted in Wallack's The atre during a part of a Summer season, the theatre having been leased by their manager.

VERMONT, St. Albans.—1. Eugene is in England. 2. We have not heard from them in a month. Watch our amusement columns.

A. B. H., Houston.—All sorts of prices, and sometimes nothing. Address Richey & Co., Chatham street, who are the largest dealers.

F. O. THOMAS, Springfield.—The record of games played by the Champion City Club was published in THE CLIPPER of Nov. 5, 1877.

M. M., Cohoes.—Hiram Woodruff's "Trotting horse of America," published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia; price, $2.50.

W. H. H., Portland.—A banjoist is indescribable. The Dobsons, Horace Weston, Frank Converse and French are among the best we know.

RACKET, Newburg.—It is correct. A player cannot build from the table, but he can combine from it to duplicate what he has already built.

D. F. W., Springfield.—There is no such work published. By sending a fee to one of the dramatic agents in this city, they will send you such a list as you require.

O. C. T., Troy.—The lawyer who was right in the case is made enough should have called out. No one point has precedence over another.

H. A. W., Chicago.—Inquire for the addresses of some of them, at the box-office of one of the dramatic theatres.

ROMULUS, Rochester.—1. We cannot say what the lady is worth. 2. She is like every other "star"—sometimes a paying one, and at others a losing one.

DITTO, Athens.—1. Write to Ed James. 2. For out-and-out fighting, a Simon pure bull-dog, for guarding, the English mastiff.

D. W., Keokuk.—If suitable, they are published free of charge. At present we have more than we can find space for.

F. L. W., Kawkawlin.—1. Having made the trump, you cannot change it. 2. The man goes around the squirrel, as you put the case.

R. B. C., Rochester.—She does not desire such matters to be made public. A letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

CHESTNUT, Louisville.—There was an actress named Mrs. Maggie Lowrie, who died in your city Dec 9, 1872. Cannot tell whether that is the one.

A. T., Toledo.—You probably mean Miss Fanny Herring, now starring in variety theatres. She has frequently played the character you name.

LAKESIDE.—There has been no biography of the late Charlotte Cushman written besides those which appeared immediately after her demise.

READER.—1. Write to the locomotives you can purchase of Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau street, New York. 2. Banvard, 1,215 Broadway.

L. J. GIBLER.—Your card will cost $1.05 for each insertion.

CHARACK, Chelsea.—2, 3, 4, 5, 1, will make a run of five for the player of the ace.

HORSE CAR.—Address a note to the president of the company.

J. S.—Sara Jewett never acted the play named in Galveston.

A. S., Philadelphia.—Fanny Morant is now, and has been for some weeks past, acting in San Francisco, Cal.

COOLIE, Castleton.—C assumed merely A's place in the game—but A's side bet.

ARAMINGO, Phila.—The two 45's take first and second prizes.

A READER, Cootlcook.—A billion is expressed thus: 1,000,000,000; and also thus: 1,000,000,000.

J. A. S., Wilkesbarre.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will be published Jan. 3.

A READER, Boston.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1878, ready Jan. 9.

G. C. S., Cincinnati.—By reading THE CLIPPER attentively each week you will obtain the information sought.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—A can call C, but B can raise both A and C.

SUBSCRIBER, Richmond.—Napoleon occupied Moscow from Sept. 15, 1812, to Oct. 19, and slept in the Kremlin.

DRAMATIC, Chicago.—We derived the intelligence from the London, Eng., papers.

E. C. ROSS, Seaford.—Send 50 cents to Ed. James for his "Manual of Sporting Rules."

J. L., London.—In their fight in 1863 Jim Dillon weighed 133lb. and Bob Travers 138lb.

P. MCDONNELL.—No challenge inserted unless accompanied by a deposit.

S. H. PARSONS, Toronto.—Seward's 100 yards time, 9½ seconds, is the best on record.

OLD SPORT, Gloucester, Mass.—C cannot call for a "night" as long as he has chips remaining.

A. L. H., Cheyenne.—It was received all right. Thank you.

SIGNATURE, City Station, Milwaukee.—A, who gave five and made five or more went out on his high.

C. S. H., Findlay.—The four who tied on 41 take both prizes.

JAMES H. M., New Albany.—No such challenge appeared in this paper, nor do we know anything about the party.

A. K.—You did quite right. We have forwarded it to him.

T. S. D.—We had more holiday poems than we could find room for; hence, the omission of yours.

DAN SPRAGUE, Worcester.—Cannot give you "Dimity Dint," "Sweet Louisa," "If You Call Again," or "Dimity Dint," "Sweet Louisa," "If You Call Again."

H. P., Washington.—Address George W. Vere, care of this office.

G. P. D.—Being played for money, the game is covered by the Gambling Act of this State.

J. K., Kendallville.—Trickett the oarsman keeps a hotel on Pitt street, Sydney, New South Wales.

A. B.—She is probably still in South America.

BIG HORN, Fort Custer.—Pay, City Hall square.

Miss E. C., Chicago.—It reopened Dec. 30 last.

J. K., McAlmont.—Three fives in hand, with a jack of the same suit as the fourth five turned up, will count 29.

SCIENCE, Beverly.—C must head the trick with his ace.

ADRASTUS, St. Louis.—Have never seen any such book.

MUSICIAN, Salem.—Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street.

BLACK ROOK, Buffalo.—A is out and the deal is ended.

E. S. D., Providence.—There is no truth in the report.

J. R.—See the cast in our City Summary of this issue.

DIXON, Westerly.—There is a run of three in 8, 10, 9.

PRICE OWENS, Eau Claire.—See reply to F. C. Ross.

L. S. HOLCOMBE, Jerseyville.—$4 received Dec. 29.

READER.—That is the surest way of reaching her.

INQUIRER.—Andrew Johnson was impeached.

T. S. D.—You can have them free of charge.

CASSINO PLAYER, Selma.—You are right.

T. S.—As the statement runs. A loses.

S. B. VILLA.—$2 and card received.

F. MCC., Chicago.—The bet is void.

J. M. R.—Six times, we believe.

N. H., Clyde.—He is in Chicago.

H. LANDTREE.—Out of print.

E. H.—C loses his bet.

H. L. M.—A wins.

THE HABIT OF ECONOMY.

The present theatrical season is far enough advanced to show that it is anything but a financial success. Here in the city, the leading theatres devoted to the legitimate drama have struggled against innumerable obstacles, and, in some instances, it has been a struggle for life. Throughout the country the receipts at the box-office have been small; many companies which took to the road at the beginning of the season have been disbanded; others have led a doubtful existence, and are clinging now to a forlorn hope; hundreds of actors are out of engagements; the season of 1877-8 must be set down as one of unusual discouragement to the dramatic profession. Here and there, to be sure, a better state of things exists. Isolated examples may be pointed out of successful ventures and profitable engagements. The variety show, in its larger growth, has reaped a fair harvest. A few managers have doubtless made money in spite of the times; but the many have either lost it, or been thankful to cover their expenses. For this reason the stubborn fact cannot be overlooked that the theatrical season is a financial failure.

It is much easier to point out the causes leading to this result than to suggest a proper remedy for their removal. Newspaper writers have variously attributed to the hard times, the prices of admission and the character of the performances, the falling-off in attendance at the theatres. It strikes us that the true reason is to be found in the habit of economy which has grown up among the people. This expresses much more than the vague idea conveyed in the words "hard times." As for the admission price, it may be doubted whether the man who hesitates to pay a dollar and a half for a seat would be induced to purchase were the price a dollar. In either case, if he were governed by the laws of strict economy, the sum would appear too large to be expended for luxury—and the theatre is a luxury. We are not unmindful of the success which has attended Wallack and Boucicault at the Grand Opera-house in this city, where the price for reserved seats is but one-third of that charged at the Broadway houses; but this can hardly be taken as proof of the benefits of low prices. These actors rarely play to other than full houses. Both have appeared this season in Brooklyn, for instance, where, at the regular rates of admission, they filled the Academy of Music and Park Theatre. It was the fame of the actors rather than the low prices which crowded, and continues to crowd, the Grand Opera-house. Consider whether an unknown piece, produced by as good a stock company as could be secured, would meet with success simply on the ground of a low price of admission. Decidedly not. It should be remembered, further, that the location of the Grand Opera-house is such as to secure for it the liberal patronage of the poorer classes; and its seating capacity is so great that even at fifty cents a ticket it holds a large sum of money. But the most noticeable thing is this: The successes at the Grand Opera-house on the low-price system have all been made by reproducing plays which first won popularity at the high-priced houses. In other words, you must get the imprint of the dollar-and-a-half favor before you can win the half-dollar stamp of approval.

A reduction in prices might somewhat increase the number of persons purchasing tickets, but it is an open question whether it would also increase the receipts at the box-office. Moreover, as THE CLIPPER has heretofore pointed out, a reduction in the prices of admission would necessitate a cutting-down of expenses. Plays would be produced on a cheaper scale than at present. The public, detecting this, would conclude that the stage is deteriorating, and patronage would therefore be withdrawn. It is absurd to attribute the lack of interest at present displayed towards the theatre to the character of the performances. At no other time within the history of the American stage has such diversity of entertainment been offered as now. At no other time have plays been produced with so much elaboration in the way of mounting and dressing. The amusement-seeker can find performances of whatever character he choses; so that, if this were the only obstacle to success, it would be very easily surmounted. We come back to the hard times. Here, we believe, is to be found the true reason for the existent stagnation in theatrical matters. Not in the sense which is generally accepted, but in the immediate result which may be described as the habit of economy. The times themselves are not as hard to-day as they were in 1874; but the effects of the panic are more apparent. When the crash first came—when the bubble of inflated values was pricked—men whose fortunes were swept away stood dumbfounded. They could not at once appreciate their loss. Dazed, amazed, broken-hearted, as many of them were, they were unable then to understand what poverty really meant. Everybody had been living on the high-pressure plan. The explosion came with such terrible suddenness that its first effect was simply to stun the country. It has taken a long time for the seeds of economy to become rooted. Men were disposed to go on in their old ways of life, deploring the stern fate which had robbed them of their possessions, but all the while enjoying the luxuries to which they had accustomed themselves. Stern fate objected to this sort of thing. It demanded something more of its victims than point-lace poverty. So, by degrees, economy forced itself upon the people. The habit of extravagance was so strong that it could not be overcome in a day nor a year. But now that more than four years have passed, during which the hard times have not grown easy, economy has usurped the place of extravagance. It is this habit of economy, taking root slowly, but none the less deeply, which has prevented the people from attending the theatre. Along with other luxuries, the drama has been dispensed with—not because it has lost favor, but because it is expensive.

Were this rigid economy to continue always, the outlook for the stage would be dismal indeed. But there is a brighter side to the question. The habit of economy has already laid the foundation for more prosperous times. Self-denial has prepared the way for wholesome indulgence. The craving for amusement is so natural and so general, that, after this period of enforced abstinence, it is safe to predict that people will flock to the theatre with renewed zest. In the logic of events they will seek that relaxation which temporarily they have denied themselves. The outlook, therefore, seems to us encouraging. And we shall be greatly at error if another season does not bring satisfaction and shekels to all theatrical managers.

IT IS QUITE a relief to learn that the young man Johnson, who recently shot his wife in Brooklyn, is so far willing to aid the ends of justice as to admit that, if he did the shooting, it must have been done "in a fit of frenzy." Many a man with less conscience than Johnson possesses would have denied it altogether. As a reward for the gentleman's admission, it were well that he should go unwhipt of justice, and his wounded wife be consigned to a nunnery.

"SHALL TWEED BE RELEASED?" is the question now agitating the public mind. We do not wish to be considered cruel or vindictive, but we must give it as our opinion that he should *not* be set free until he makes solemn promise not to do it again. That's our platform, and there we intend to stick. If this be treason, make the most of it! as P. Henry said.

BICYCLE SWINDLING.

The following particulars of an action at law, resulting from an attempt on the part of unprincipaled persons to swindle the public by a bogus bicycle match, and the decision rendered by the learned justice, will prove interesting reading. The article is taken from *The London Sporting Life* of Dec. 22:

"On Wednesday last we gave some particulars of a cause begun on the previous day in the Court of Queen's Bench, in which a young man named Head, a butler, in the service of Colonel McCall, was the plaintiff, and two men named Masters and Markham were the defendants. Head sued Masters and Markham for £25, alleged to have been deposited by him in respect of a bicycle match, for £50 a side, which he (Head) was to have ridden against Masters, whom he sued for £30, which he said had been given by him to Masters, with which to make bets on the race in which they were the supposed principals. The hearing of the suit was continued on Wednesday, when it was elicited that after the match had been made an agreement was come to and duly signed, by which Head and Masters were to ride the match ostensibly for £50 a side, but over which Markham—who, if we remember right, has figured in the pedestrian more than the bicycle world—was to have sole control, even so far as to dictate which should win or lose, as might seem to him best for the joint interest of the trio. Head's contention was that in its inception the match was an honest one, and that he was entrapped into the agreement, which was to be a means of cheating the British public. He sought to show that the two defendants obtained possession of his money, and then pretended it had been deposited with a man named Jeffreys, who had absconded, and of whom they declared they could find no trace, whereas, his belief was that the money, after being withdrawn from the office of a contemporary, had been retained by the defendants, who admitted that the reason for their withdrawal of the amount was their belief that the stakeholder would not countenance such proceedings as they were engaged in. Markham frankly admitted to the Lord Chief-justice (Sir Alexander Cockburn), who tried the case, that he did not consider himself a good man; but that Head was as deep in the mud as he was in the mire. The counsel for the defendants did not venture to palliate the practices of his clients, but strove to impress on the jury that though Markham and Masters might be swindlers, yet they had been duped by a swindler still more clever, who had decamped with the money of the defendants, as well as any Head might have put down. The Lord Chief Justice in summing up to the jury, pointed out that Head had parted with his money to Markham and Masters with a view to the perpetration of a fraud on the public he could not recover. Markham and Masters were, he said, evidently a pair of knaves, and the plaintiff, by his collusion with them in signing the agreement which was to assist in the perpetration of a fraud or conspiracy, for which all three were liable to be indicted, had proved himself quite as much a knave as the others, though he might be more of a fool. His lordship put certain questions to the jury, and, upon receiving their answers declared they amounted to a verdict for defendants, for whom he directed judgment accordingly. At the same time he felt himself bound to mark his sense of defendants' conduct by refusing them their costs. This is the first case of the kind in connection with bicycling. The suit just decided should be carefully studied by all whom it may concern, and they will the more easily escape the snares of 'conspirators, villains and swindlers' who the Lord Chief Justice considered he had to deal with."

COURTNEY AND TRICKETT.

We have nothing further to communicate in regard to the negotiations for a match between these scullers of the New World and the Antipodes. Our latest foreign sporting exchanges—*Bell's Life* of Dec. 22 and *The Sporting Life* of Dec. 26—are both silent upon the subject, and we are yet in the dark as regards the foundation for the dispatch telegraphed. Courtney's friends are only too ready to make the match, and his money is waiting, but they do not feel disposed to make use of the cable to Australia until they are assured that there is a solid, satisfactory basis for the dispatch from London referred to. The following bit of interesting information we clip from *The Canadian Sporting Times:*

"The gentlemen in whose hands Edward Hanlan has placed himself telegraphed an acceptance of Trickett's challenge to Australia, following it up with communications by mail submitting why Hanlan should be the first to meet Trickett, and containing the proposals Hanlan was willing to agree to. So far nothing has been heard in reply."

MAYOR STOKLEY of Philadelphia declines to license any variety places of amusement. With all due respect for the worthy Mayor of a great city, we consider that the gentleman has undertaken rather more than the courts will uphold him in. Manager Miller of the Winter Garden has summoned the Mayor to show cause why he should not be *compelled* to grant licenses to unobjectionable and orderly establishments. If Mayor Stokley is endorsed, then it is quite probable that the regular theatres will be regarded as under his censorship. Curtail the legitimate amusements of a city, and the general business of that city will suffer in a corresponding degree.

FOR THIS WEEK we predict another heavy fall of snow, falling in which we may certainly look for a dry moon, with a belt of moisture on its northern limb, and a marked depression in the Middle States, where a storm is gathering which will reach the shores of Great Britain Jan. 12, if the currents are strong enough to waft it over there. More cloudy or clear weather in the metropolis, with a rising followed by a falling barometer, which indicates weather of some kind.

CONTEMPORANEOUS DRAMA.—*Scene*—The Boulevard. *Time*—The cold Thursday. *Dramatis Personæ*—Man and Young Feller. Young Feller, seated in a dog-cart, driving along at breakneck pace.

Man.—Hi, there, young feller—what are you driving so fast for?

Young Feller.—To keep warm.

Young feller is found frozen to death next morning. (*Curtain.*)

THE DOWN-TRODDEN turkey is looking up once more, and confidence has been restored to the old chicken. Even the goose seeks its accustomed walks again, and the waddling duck meanders by the brookside. All these serve as an indication of a revival in business.

EVER SINCE we published the true history of the O. P. riots in London, there has been a growing inclination to go back to old prices at the theatres of this country. This has no reference to old Price's reign during "the palmy days of the old Park pit."

"OUR JIM" was somewhat premature when he went across to Jersey one fine day last week to sample the fruit of an apple orchard. A little apple-jack answered his purpose just as well, however.

WHY DON'T Conkling and Blaine and Evarts say something, so as to keep up the excitement about the Southern policy? This thing should not be permitted to die out for want of a few more words!

BOGARDUS, in his great feat of shooting five thousand glass balls, shattered the balls and the hopes of those who bet against him at the same time.

JUDGING by the large number of assignments during the month of December, a stranger might suppose that New York was a huge failure!

VENDERS of skates are in high glee, but dealers in baseball goods cannot see that any good purpose is to be served by skating.

SINCE the sentence of Lambert, perjury is not so Popular among Life-insurance and Savings Bank officials.

NAUTICAL.—Our friends may be pleased to learn that it is quite proper to call the *head* of the ship "*forrard*."

MOONLIGHT EXCURSIONS are not in favor at this time of the year—people prefer the sun.

AND NOW all the widows are fondly ejaculating "My Lord!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Dec. 31: President and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding.....Gen. Husted nominated Speaker of Assembly in Republican caucus.....Much damage reported on the Virginia and North Carolina coasts from the storm.....Jewell Brothers of Brooklyn suspended. Liabilities over $200,000. One of the brothers is the Jewell who adorned the Rifle Team.....Lehigh and Schuylkill mines, Pa., suspended work.....Geo. Washington killed James Hutchinson at Georgetown, D. C. Bad business for G. W.....Terrible warning: Man dropped dead in Belleville, Ont., while making a political speech.....Navigation on the Hudson closed.....Washington excited over outrages upon citizens. Indignation meeting held. Judge Lynch named for some time mentioned.....Patrick Quinn sentenced to eleven years' imprisonment at Pottsville, Pa. Patrick killed his wife.....Uninvited guests at a Monroeville, Ind., wedding party fired upon and nine wounded.....City news: John Bonner & Co. failed—liabilities indetermined. Wall street thunderstruck. More "rehypothecation" and night of Bonner; Old Year braced up and turned a cold shoulder to the world before dying; Judge Sedgwick refused alimony in the Arnott divorce suit; three bodies found in the Barclay-street ruins; Mary E. Howard, the nine-year-old pickpocket, was tried and found guilty.....Epsom salts liquor dealer sentenced to fifty days' imprisonment for concocting cocktails on Sunday.....By cable: The Pope conferred hats upon five cardinals; the Spanish Government wanted nothing more to do with ex-Queen Isabella—and that's the difference between being an ex-Queen and a Queen.....Fires: Brewi & Co.'s cabinet furniture store, Brooklyn—loss $25,000; Smith & Wilby's woolen mills at Weston, Ont.—loss $50,000; building Nos. 65 and 67 Thomas street, this city, damaged to the extent of $2,500.

*** Jan. 1: The world's obedient servant—1878.....New York Legislature met and organized; Gen. Husted chosen Speaker; Governor's Message received.....Col. F. W. Holliday inaugurated Governor of Virginia at Richmond.....The new year at Garland, Col., was ushered in by the shooting of four men.....President Hayes "received." No wine.....Gov. Robinson nominated ex-Attorney-general Fairchild for Superintendent of Public Works.....German Savings-bank—Lafayette, Ind.—liabilities $89,000.....Unknown man drowned in the canal at Newark, N. J.....Charles T. Boyer thrown from a carriage in Cleveland, O., and instantly killed.....Wm. S. Stokely inaugurated, for the third time, Mayor of Philadelphia.....City news: A bright day for calls; fashionable tables without wine—nothing stronger than brandy; too much conviviality in a Third-avenue saloon was why half-a-dozen men brought up in the Twenty-first Precinct Station-house; somebody stabbed Thomas Killeen on South Fifth avenue; James McHenry found dead in Wheeler & Wilson's sewing-machine establishment; John Halpin made so many calls that he knocked Officer Klinge down a flight of stairs when the latter tried to arrest him; Prof. Cartier waltzed twelve hours.....News received of the loss of the schooner Glanevira from St. Thomas for New York. Nothing known of the fate of the crew.....By cable: The Czar ordered the Russian commanders to receive proposals for a truce; France to supply Russia with locomotives and bridges.....Fires: Thomas Kennedy & Brothers' drygoods-store, Philadelphia—loss $40,000; Shirley & Rommel's factory, Philadelphia—loss $75,000; Propack Brothers' tree-making establishment, this city, damaged to the extent of $2,000—Frederick Propack badly burned; Wallace Boyden's residence at Orange, N. J.—loss $10,000, family narrowly escaping with their lives; John Hartough's grocery-store, Brooklyn—loss $6,000.

*** Jan. 2: A South Carolina rifle team rescued two prisoners from revenue officers.....Two tons of nitro-glycerine exploded near Negaunee, Mich. Seven men killed.....Frightened team backed a wagon off the Ohio-river bridge at Nashville, Tenn. Four children drowned.....A nine-year-old Brooklyn boy died from drinking carbolic acid.....Steamer Mercedita sailed from Philadelphia with the Brazilian expedition.....Judge Culver at Hartford charged the Grand Jury to find indictments against the officers of the Charter Oak Life-insurance Company.....Maine and Massachusetts Legislatures organized.....Ettenger, the railway train-wrecker, sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment at Harrisonburg, Va.....John Haddock killed Lizzie Davis and took his own life at Ferndale, Pa.....Richard Green sentenced to be hanged in Kansas City.....Hickox & Spears, bankers, San Francisco—gone where the woodbine twineth.....City news: John Bonner borrowed $1,854,000; Dr. Lambert sentenced to five years in State Prison; money and securities to the value of $100,000 stolen from the Nassau-street office of A. T. Young; deficiency in the National Trust Company over $700,000; "John Allen" arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court for stealing gold watch and $200 from Henry Ashley of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER—this item is furnished at our own expense; William Gould stabbed by George Wyman, otherwise "California George," in a Bowery saloon.....By cable: Turkey talks of an armistice; another effort to be made to transport Cleopatra's Needle to England; the King of Italy apprehensive of war.....Fires: A number of buildings at Salem, N. J.—loss heavy—aid summoned from Camden and Philadelphia; half-a-dozen stores at Ypsilanti, Mich.—loss $40,000; Ogle's flour-mill at Belleville, Ill.—loss $10,000; the Grand Circle Hotel, this city—guests in the top story narrowly escaped with their lives.

*** Jan. 3: Indictments against four of the Charter Oak officers. Life insurance getting to be a dangerous thing.....Schooner Addie P. Avery wrecked off New England coast and crew lost. Four other schooners went ashore, together with steamer A. Strong, from Boston.....Gov. Connor inaugurated at Augusta, Me.....Sharp shock of earthquake in Virginia.....Snow in Texas and Mississippi.....Augusta Weirs of Jersey City hanged herself.....Thermometer marked fourteen degrees below zero at Watertown, N. Y. One man frozen to death.....Thomas Walsh, the sixteen-year-old boy who killed a Hoboken driver, pardoned.....City news: New Year showed up the first genuine Winter's day; Joseph Heil died in the Eldridge-street police station; the Lord-Hicks marriage stirred fashionable society; Vice-President Wheeler visited the Brooklyn Navy-yard; Italian's body found in the North River; Philip Schlepp died from injuries inflicted by Frederick Feist; two more bodies taken from the Barclay-street ruins; Tammany General Committee re-elected Henry L. Clinton chairman; Lynch, accused of aiding in the Jones furniture robbery, left town by advice of a physician; Dougherty sentenced for drunkenness.....George Dougherty frozen to death in the streets of Brooklyn.....James McMullen of West Osgood, Ont., killed his wife with a club.....By cable: Turkey's request for an armistice refused by the Russians; Stanley the explorer called upon the Khedive at Cairo; Mukhtar Pasha arrived at Constantinople.....Fires: Greider & Co.'s malt-house at Harrisburg, Pa.—loss $70,000; Vulcan Iron Works at Cairo, Ill.—loss $15,000; Bailey's block at Franklin, Pa.—loss $30,000; Watts' woolen-mill at Norristown, Pa.—loss $10,000; Van Allan & Co.'s saw-mill at Chatham, Ont.—loss $10,000; John Wood & Co.'s furniture store, Brooklyn—loss $18,000.

*** Jan. 4: McKay libel suits against Philadelphia *Times* decided in favor of the newspaper.....Four inches of snow in Washington....An Italian in Providence, R. I., had both hands chopped into mincemeat in a planing-mill.....Four-year-old daughter of William Archer burned to death in Tarrytown.....Two men killed at Glendale, L. I., by dynamite explosion.....Quebec's City-treasurer a defaulter to the amount of $300,000. They must have learned what rehypothecation means in Canada.....Jonathan Myers died at Sterlingville, N. Y., more agriculturists received at the hands of James Kane—which would appear to make Kane a murderer.....An inmate of the Hudson County (N. J.) Almshouse inherited $2,000 and a house and lot.....City news: Aldermen voted that Tweed is entitled to his freedom; John C. Williams dropped dead on Pier 52, North River; association formed for "the protection of advertisers in matters"—the unprejudiced it appears that that sort of thing has been protected long enough; a part of John Bonner's rehypothecated securities sold at auction; argument in the Erie suit concluded; the whereabouts of the venerable Mr. Lord and his bride remained a mystery; Mary Keating was held for the abduction of a fifteen-year-old girl.....Hiram Rowland decamped from Jersey City owing $10,000.....By cable: Cholera in Arabia; reported massacre of 15,000 persons by Chinese in Kashgar; two of the Fenian prisoners, sentenced for life, released on ticket-of-leave.....Fires: Business block at Guelph, Ont.—loss $15,000; Taylor's Tannery at Freeport, Ill.—loss $15,000; several buildings in Morrisburg, Ont.—loss $15,000; coal mine at Panther Creek Valley, Pa., consuming a large amount of coal.

*** Jan. 5: Severe weather along the coast; numerous disasters reported.....Details received of the loss of the Pacific steamship Accatama Nov. 30 off the coast of Chili—over 100 lives lost.....More Lynn, Mass., crispins on strike.....The steamer Old Colony of the Fall-river line disabled near Point Judith by the bursting of a flange.....Sullivan Kundson of Brooklyn ended a spree by shooting his throat.....The sealing fleet, from Norfolk, Va., with 25,000 bales of cotton.....Guilford White, a Boston lawyer, sentenced to two years' imprisonment for receiving stolen bonds.....The Thompsonville, Ct., Savings-bank the latest up to date.....Sarah F. Creighton sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Lancaster, O. Sarah killed her husband fifteen years ago and the sentence pronounced upon Samuel P. Noland at Houston, Texas, for murder.....Indictments found against three of the San Francisco rioters.....The schooner Granite State went to pieces off Chatham, Mass.....City news: More fragments of human bones found in the Sandy-street ruins; Mary Dowling, aged 69, died while attending church in Fifty-ninth street; an unknown woman fell dead in Duane street; Lawrence Francis arrested on suspicion of knowing too much about the Nassau-street bond-robbery; it was discovered that a double ceremony had been performed in the Lord-Hicks marriage; Joseph J. Jousett, who disappeared a year ago, and was supposed to have killed himself, was discovered to be living on Clinton street.....By cable: The Russians captured Sofia; Grant in Egypt.....Fires: The Summit Branch mine was found to be on fire; the Vine-street Brewery, Cincinnati, damaged to the extent of $15,000; freight depot at Denver, Col.—loss, $15,000; J. S. Taft & Co.'s stoneware establishment at Keene, N. H.—loss, $15,000; the building No. 12 Ann street, this city, slightly damaged.

*** Jan. 6: Moody and Sankey began to sow the good seed in Hartford.....Samuel Bowles again prostrated and in a critical condition.....Four more bodies of the crews wrecked off Wellfleet recovered at Provincetown, Mass.....Schooner B. N. Hawkins went ashore on Brigantine Shoals, N. J.....More frauds in the Brooklyn Excise Board.....Boiler explosion in Waterbury & Co.'s cordage establishment, Williamsburg, N. Y. Nobody hurt.....Marriage ceremony at Wheeling, W. Va., interrupted by fire in the church. The fire usually comes after marriage.....The poet Longfellow's brother Sam installed pastor of a Germantown, Pa., church.....Philadelphia detectives captured the Pottstown Iron Company robbers. More than $4,000 recovered.....John Zeluff was run away with in Paterson, N. J., and, jumping from his carriage, killed himself.....City news; Weather for ice; Henry J. Kemball of Rushford, N. Y., thre

players are at home in Brooklyn, the majority waiting for something to turn up.....There is some talk of getting up a boom in Brooklyn for 1878, and to engage the veteran Dick Pearce as manager. Such a team, and called the Atlantic, might pay..... Zettlein has been appointed to a good position in the Brooklyn City Hall. He is now one of the District Attorney's officers of the court to collect witnesses.....Johnny Galvin, formerly of the Atlantic nine, and for years an inspector in the Brooklyn City Works Department, has become a sufferer under the new regime, he having been removed to give way to some favorite.

PHILADELPHIA will be represented next season by a professional nine, under new management, and including Bradley and Eggler, late of the Chicagos; Meyerle of the Cincinnatis, Goodall, Fisler, Reach and Barber of last year's Athletics, and most likely Waitt, Stovey, McCartney and Crook of the last-mentioned club, will also remain at home and help their native city to regain its former position in baseball.

THE TRIGGER.

BOGARDUS' LATEST ACHIEVEMENT.

There is nothing particularly enlivening or entertaining about the spectacle of a man firing away almost continuously for seven or eight hours at glass balls, discharged with monotonous regularity from tireless steel traps, but the curiosity awakened by the announcement that Capt. A. H. Bogardus, champion wing-shot, would attempt to break five thousand glass balls in five hundred consecutive minutes was sufficient to induce quite a large assemblage to gather at Gilmore's Garden, this city, Jan. 5, a considerable number of whom remained a greater part of the time. Bogardus stood, coatless and restless, loading and firing like a piece of mechanism, while followed, and George's comeless. At the next himself over the bar ng resounded with ap- walked to his chair. Bogardus and over went king sticks. The next this ing twice failed, ed the mark and was re- His friends and the for that matter, were but they did not know a pinch, and they were su- mount the crossbar body cheered and hal- anything on his part 9th, 9in., and not very for he was plainly tired draw at it. Two runs but after his attendant smoothed the ground a to reach. Five more, also ended in failure, once only, and then he ol, who had had a good now picked up the pole, ful, the second carrying at, as each had once dis- ore jump for a finisher, the jumper to another hold of the pole, ing considerably short of ted in his knocking over er trial, and, having now ole a sufficient distance thereby himself another pped and cleared the ob- he thundering cheers of the experiment had re- oured in without hin- ed the applause so lav- won a load, best barrel he had topped by inches rd. It was now within the assemblage dispersed that they had witnessed. we have been informed wo more tries—why, we declines for the present

SPORT ON LONG ISLAND.

Sweepstakes shooting at pigeons and glass balls was indulged in at Dexter Park by a number of lovers of trap-shooting, which "couldn't stay away" from the shooting grounds upon such a bright, balmy Christmas afternoon as astonished the oldest inhabitants last week. The more interesting events are herewith chronicled: First came a sweepstakes, $2 entry, three birds each, 25 yards rise, 80 yards fall, ¼ ounces of shot, 11 and 7 traps, long Island rules, which had seven entries. Dan Bunn, Quackenbush, and Eddy killed all their birds and divided the two prizes; Zellner, Rivers, and Landcake knocked over two apiece, and Bullis one. Then only cast at the same number of birds, $2 each, same conditions, miss and go out to decide ties, ten competitors. Smith and Heming were the only two contestants who killed all their birds, and they concluded to cut first and second money together and divide. Williams, Eddy, Zellner, Quackenbush, Landcake and Thomas brought down two each, and on shooting off William won. This was followed by a shoot at bails, seven competitors firing at five apiece, Hyde, rise, $2 entry. Zellner captured first prize by shattering four, and the second was taken by Heming, after shooting off a tie on three with Rivers, Woods and Rutties. Gildersleeve and Smith cracked one each. A ten-dollar sweep at six bails followed, three contestants, winner to take all, 18yds. rise, ties shot off at two bails. Woods and Zellner broke five apiece, and in shooting off the former won by 1 to 0. Heming shivered four.

THE RING.

A FIGHT QUICKLY ENDED.

A boxing match with gloves for a cup valued at $25, between Young Dutcher and Mose Raphael, attracted a large assembly to the concert-room of the Three Colts, Victoria Park, London, Eng., Dec. 18. The former is 22 years old, 5ft. 7½in. in height, and scaled on the day 13st. Raphael, 20 years, 5ft. 5½in., 13st. Raphael had Jack Baldock and Hugh Burns for his enquires, and the other retained Jack Hammerton and Jack Farrington. At the call of time the men went to the scratch, and sparred for an opening, but were not at all eager to get to close quarters. The second round was quiet, and it was not until 1m. 10s. had elapsed that Raphael led off in the mildest possible manner at the chin, and was countered with such force on the nose as to bring the claret head down, like an ostrich in danger, shot out his left again, and closed. Dutcher clopped down on his skull in a most inartistic fashion, and, putting on the crook, turned the older Hebrew over, and as he was getting up pushed him down again. All was now confusion; but when the referee (R. Watson) could make himself heard, he awarded the battle to Raphael, after boxing 1m. 30s. This, of course, did not please Dutcher's friends, who could not be brought to think that a judge's decision, right or wrong, is irrevocable. When Dutcher heard the fiat he cried with vexation, and wanted to make another match, to be at once decided, and for any amount Mac liked, or he would fight for love and take two shares of door money. But Raphael was not to be caught, saying he had won, and would have no more of it, following this up by ignominiously leaving the ring and getting home to Petticoat lane, amidst the derisive cheers of the spectators.

WARD GETS ON A SPREE.—A match came off at Chatham, Eng., Dec. 18, between Jack Ward and Alfred spree, who, considered, for a £10 only, was a fair match of Queensberry's rules, at catch-weight. Ward stands 5ft 9¼in. high, weighs 156lb, is 32 years of age, and boxed Bat Mullins some years ago for the Championship of Kent and Cup, making a very good show. Ward also has contended with King Ostler, in a glove encounter, at Hull, sometime back. Alfred Spree stands 5ft. 4¼in. high, weighs 120lb., and is 23 years of age. He is a very well developed little fellow, and, although he has no public reputation, for the last four or five years he has been looked upon as one of the best men in Kent, from his repeated exhibitions with the gloves at various sparring gatherings. The company was very select, and the management of the affair reflected credit on all concerned. The men entered the ring at 8.20. George Baker, host of the Bell Inn, Chatham, was choseu referee, and, all being in readiness, the men shook hands at thirty-five minutes to the hour for the first round it was anticipated that Ward would take a strong lead, but the reverse proved to be the case, for spree from the first held his own, and surprised Mr. Ward by his unflinching and energetic manner in which he stuck to his heavy opponent. On the whole, the box proved a good one, both showing a good knowledge of attack and defense, the counter hitting and cross countering being very good. Unfortunately, however, in the third round, in cross countering Ward, Spree's left arm came in contact with his opponent's head, and his hand became much swollen and painful; and after contending ten rounds more with equal advantage, and occupying 35 min. 30 sec. 30 seconds (Bill Taylor the ped. and the "Cowboy") humanely gave in for their man.

A SCRAP FOR $100.—A correspondent informs us that on Christmas day a mill for $50 a side and the championship of N. H., between a couple of knights of the brush named Jack McQueendy and Pat Dougherty, better known as "Stumpy," the latter knocked his man out in the 4th round of the first six rounds, which were fought in quick time, Pat had rather the best of the seventh round, in which he bled Jack's nose pretty freely. The succeeding eight rounds were of the give-and-take order, though towards the last it was apparent that Dougherty was rapidly weakening, while Jack showed improvement. In the sixteenth round Dougherty received a terrible blow on the nose, which fetched him to mother-earth. Both men came to time promptly in the next round. Jack ran at his opponent and delivered a tremendous polthogue on the point of the jaw, fracturing that useful part of the receiver's anatomy and knocking him out of time. The fight was accordingly awarded to McQueendy by the referee and stakeholder, Loughlin Egan. Jim Foley seconded the winner, George Smith waiting upon Dougherty.

WITHDRAWN.—Deeming it useless to leave it longer on deposit, Mike Sullivan's backer last week withdrew the twenty-five dollars posted with the former's recent challenge.

PROFESSOR WM. McLEAN of Philadelphia makes his theatrical debut Jan 7, at the [Chestnut-street] Theatre, in that city, as Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It."

PROF. J. C. COLLINS has opened a sparring school over Kells & Daniels' sample-room, Fairfield avenue, Bridgeport, Ct., and, we learn, has a good class already.

FOOTBALL.

A NEW GAME.

Football has recently been introduced as one of the sports of the Brooklyn Rink, but under a modified form, as it would be impossible to play the game on skates—either on ice-skates or rollers—under anything like the regular rules; so an amended code has been made by Mr. Chadwick, manager of the Rink proprietors, with a view of playing the game on the asphalt surface of the Rink on roller-skates. The new game is called Rinkball, and, being entirely free from all risk of such injuries or dangerous collisions as are incident to football, it may become a favorite with the skating fraternity. It can also be played on vacant lots in the Spring and Fall months. The rules of the game are as follow:

RULES OF RINKBALL.

RULE 1.—Eleven players shall constitute a match team, but the game may be played by nine on a side—no less. The eleven—or nine—shall be governed by a captain elected by the team, who shall place the players as follows: Two to guard the goal as "backs," three others to stand in front of these, and to be known as "half-backs," and six—or four—as "forwards," these latter to stand in the centre line.

RULE 2.—There shall be one umpire, selected by the contesting sides, who shall decide all disputed points which may occur during the match, and from his final decision there shall be no appeal.

RULE 3.—At the commencement of the game the umpire shall take the ball—the same as used in football—and place it in the centre of the rink, and when the contesting sides are in position he shall call "Play," and until such call be made the ball shall not be in play.

RULE 4.—The ball must not be picked by any contestant nor be picked up from the floor. It is only fairly in play when it is rolled along the floor or surface of the rink by being pushed or struck with the hand.

RULE 5.—Any player kicking the ball during the progress of a game, or striking it so that it be lifted above the head of any contestant, shall become immediately out of play until a touchdown be afterwards scored by either side.

RULE 6.—Any attempt by a player to obtain possession of the ball by any act which, in the opinion of the umpire, is not fair play, shall become out of play, as in the case of kicking the ball.

RULE 7.—A touchdown shall be scored for the side which first sends the ball by fair rolling to their opponents' goal, each end of the rink comprising the goals. But no touchdown shall be scored unless the ball be rolled into the goal.

RULE 8.—Whenever the ball has been kicked—accidentally or otherwise—a "foul" shall be declared by the umpire. A foul shall also be called when the ball is either picked up by any player or struck so as to bound over the heads of any of the contestants. In either case the ball must be returned to the place from which it was unfairly moved.

RULE 9.—Three touchdowns shall constitute a goal, and one goal shall end a game; the best three games out of five making a match. It may be mutually agreed upon, however, one game may decide a match.

RULE 10.—There shall be no goal be obtained by either side within thirty minutes of the commencement of a game, then the side making a single touchdown, or a majority of touchdowns, within the half hour, shall be declared winners.

RULE 11.—When "Time" is called by the umpire, play shall cease at once, and the ball shall not be fairly in play again until the umpire again calls "Play."

RULE 12.—Any match which is not decided in accordance with Rule 9 shall be declared drawn.

RULE 13.—At no time during the progress of a game shall the "backs" or "half-backs" cross the centre line of the rink in pursuit of the ball, except when called upon to take the place of a forward player put out of play from a foul.

The first match at the new game was played at the Rink in Brooklyn on Dec. 27, on the occasion of the tenth special entertainmentsof theseason. The contestants were boys of the junior classes of the Polytechnic and Adelphi Academies, the former winning by two touchdowns to one. The game was quite exciting at times, and the players were loudly applauded by the large assemblage present, who enjoyed the sport extremely. Another match under the revised rules as published in THE CLIPPER will be played this week, it being the first of a series for a prize medal.

BILLIARDS.

RIVAL FINGER-PLAYERS ON THE ROAD.

Adrian Izar, who for the next three weeks will be in Detroit, Mich., writes:

WOODSTOCK, Canada, Jan. 1, 1878.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*: I take advantage of New Year's Day to thank you for noticing my exhibitions through your valuable paper, and to send you the compliments of the season. I am having very good success in Western Canada. Billiard room business, as a rule, is rather dull out here, but I am very well satisfied with my exhibitions. I have played in all the principal towns of New York State on my way, and in the following Canadian towns: Toronto, St. Catherines, Hamilton, Guelph, Brantford, London and Woodstock. At the Woodstock House this afternoon the attendance numbered two hundred and fifty, and at night four hundred, and I am to exhibit here again to-morrow. I shall go towards Chicago and St. Louis. After visiting all the principal cities in that section, I shall probably go as far as San Francisco, in which event it is my purpose to make a brief tour of Australia, and return to New York City in time to give a few farewell exhibitions, and reach Paris before the close of the Great Exposition.

I remain dear, sir, faithfully yours, ADRIAN IZAR.

The agent of "Yank" Adams thus recounts the Boston experiences of that player. The Prof. Schaefer spoken of is young Jacob Schaefer, formerly of this city:

BOSTON, Jan. 4, 1878.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Prof. Schaefer and "Yank" Adams the afternoon and evening of the 1st inst. gave an exhibition of their skill in their respective methods at Pulsifer's, this city, before a large audience. At the close it was the verdict of all present that the exhibition was one of the finest of its class ever given in this city.

F. T. MAGUIRE.

Adams exhibited in Matt Hewins' room, Hartford, on Jan. 4, and is to appear in this city within the current month.

THE NEW ORLEANS TOURNAMENT AND OTHER MATTERS.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 28, '77.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*: The tournament has been announced to commence on or about January 10. Chas. Lacoume and Joseph Walker have each given five hundred dollars, and the following are the conditions: 1st prize, $500; 2d, $250; 3d, $150; and 4th, $100. The games to be 6.0 points up, and played on afternoon nights at the St. Charles Rotunda and Crescent Hall Club room. The table will be a Collender 5x10. The entries are C. Dion, M. Daly, L. Slosson, W. Sexton, P. Rudolphe. Sexton and Slosson wanted only three prizes, but C. Dion would not play unless there were four; so, to have everybody satisfied, four prizes were agreed to by the management. All the players, Rudolphe excepted, Walker signing for him, have signed the conditions. C. Dion has just won a match at 500 pool, best in seven games out of twenty-five, for $50 a side. His antagonist was a noted player of this city, named Chas. Hilburn. The score was: Dion, 13; Hilburn, 5. Respectfully, L. B.

WAHLSTROM VS. KNIGHT for $1,000.—In response to the challenge of the young Swedish pool-player, which appeared in these columns last week, the following document has been received from Samuel Knight, who has fortified himself by depositing $250 at this office, as his prospective opponent had already done. There seems to be no trouble to make a match, and much interest in the prospect of one:

JAN. 5, 1878.

EDITOR OF NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*: I hereby deposit with you two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) to cover the forfeit of Mr. Wahlstrom to play me for five hundred dollars, the game to be 5,000 a game of the pyramid pool. The conditions to be the best in forty-one games, safety and call balls, on W. H. Griffith & Co.'s 5x10 table, 2½-inch balls, as recently used. The balance of the money to be put up three days before the match. The match to be played in a public hall as soon as arrangements can be made. Yours truly, SAMUEL KNIGHT.

FRANCOIS UBASSY CONTINUES THE FRENCH *Vignaux's Messenger* remarks: "The challenge of M. Vignaux has been taken up by M. Francois Massy of Marseilles, who has won many matches in America under the name of the Perret, or the Wizard of New York. He proposes three games of 500 points each, the first two for 500 francs a side, and the third for 1,000 francs. This match, if made, will be like all the others between French professors. This Francois Massy is Francois Ubassy, the close personal friend of Vignaux. He beat Vignaux the last time they played together for a prize in this country, and he can beat him again—if occasion requires. Ubassy is not exactly the "Wizard of New York," but for the past eighteen years he has been known to all the players over here as "Le Ferret ot Marseilles." Once upon a time every French professional billiard-player of note had a pet name.

MARRIED.—Miss Annie J., second daughter of Hugh W. Callender, billiard manufacturer of this city, was married at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, on Jan. 3, to John D. O'Connor, business-manager of H. W. Collender's warerooms, and joint-proprietor of the Union-square Billiard-rooms. The Rev. Father Septier performed the ceremony.

SKATING.

THE SEASON OF 1878.

The skating season of 1878 was inaugurated in Brooklyn on Thursday, Jan. 3, on which day about a thousand skaters of both sexes enjoyed the ice at the Capitoline Lake, the first skating resort in the metropolis and its vicinity to run up its flag. The same afternoon quite a crowd of skaters were gathered on the ice at the Union Skating Pond, Brooklyn, E. D., but there was no skating at Prospect Park until Monday, 7, the ice not being thick enough for safety until then. On Friday (3 inches) and then rained, and the result was a sort of thought that the skating was to be but a brief day's enjoyment. On Saturday, however, it turned cold again, and during Sunday the weather set in so severe that ice five inches in thickness was formed on Monday, Jan. 7, on the skating season at Prospect and Central Parks was inaugurated for 1878, with the promise of a week's carnival of skating in the Park for those fond of the exercise.

The crowd at the Capitoline Lake on Saturday exceeded the attendance on any ordinary skating day at the Lake for the past three years, fully three thousand persons being within the inclosure at 4 P. M., a large proportion of whom were ladies, the Ladies' Hall—125 feet long and warmed with stoves—being crowded with the fair sex watching the gay scene on the ice. The members of the Capitoline Skating Club were out in force, and some very pretty exhibitions of fancy skating were given by the members. There will be ladies' matinee entertainments at the Capitoline Lake every Wednesday afternoon, and on a time for the boys in games and races every Saturday afternoon. On Saturday, 12, the new game of football on ice, under THE CLIPPER code of rules, will be played.

The Prospect and Central Park lake skating-signals were hoisted on Jan. 7, and there was a rush to both places, the attendance in the afternoon—the day being clear and sunshine, though cold—being more numerous than for some weeks past. Indications seem to promise that we have set in this Winter in favor of skating, the sport having become quite fashionable among the young bloods of the Brooklyn side of the river. The Park officials of New York were forced by the press of public opinion to make due preparation for skating this Winter.

THE SKATING RINKS.

On Jan. 7 the Empire Rink, on Fifty-third street and Third avenue was opened for ice skating, the severe cold of Sunday night having enabled the proprietors to provide a sufficient surface of ice for skating. At night it will be lighted up, and quite a gay scene will, no doubt, be presented. A fancy-dress carnival on skates is on the tapis.

A small rink has been opened for skating on the lots bounded by Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth streets and Fifth avenue, which is well patronized by the residents of the vicinity.

Roller-skating was inaugurated in this city on Jan. 3, at the new hall at 849 Broadway, under the charge of Mr. Tibballs, who has provided a spacious floor for roller-skating exercise adapted for children.

Messrs. Shook and Bonner have leased Gilmore's Garden for three years, and it is in contemplation to open the place for a season of roller-skating entertainments, which would, no doubt, crowd the place for a couple of months at least.

In Brooklyn, at the well-ordered Skating Rink in Clermont avenue, under the management of Messrs. Taylor and Wood, the ice is in good condition, and champions Messrs. Kynock and Smith having shorze of the asphalt skating surface of the Rink, special entertainments are given every Thursday night, and in February an ornate children's carnival—after the plan of the Academy carnival—is to take place there.

The Palisades Park Roller-skating Rink has been doing an excellent business. During Christmas-week nearly $2,000 was taken in for the hire of skates alone. Though Manager Rollins filled of success in Brooklyn, he seems to have hit the mark in Philadelphia.

AQUATIC.

HANLAN LEAVES HIS MONEY FOR SCHAEFF TO COVER.—As we anticipated would be the case, Edward Hanlan takes Billy Scharff at his word, as the following article will show:

TORONTO, Jan. 5, 1878.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*: Mr Scharff's response to my challenge is satisfactory to me, as he states that he will row me in the Spring of 1878. It is the earnest desire to have the match come off. I will leave the hundred dollars deposit in your hands so that Mr. S. can "put up," as he agrees to do, at his earliest convenience. The point he raises about making a match six or seven months in advance has force, but *this* objection will disappear as Spring draws near. Very truly yours,

EDWARD HANLAN.

THE NAUTILUS BOAT CLUB of Reading, Pa., have taken possession of their new and commodious quarters on Washington street, and on New-Year's day they celebrated the event with a sumptuous banquet to their lady friends. Ground has been leased, and, with the approach of Spring, a boat-house, with all modern improvements, will be erected on the banks of the Schuylkill, at the north end of the racing course. The club expect to have six shells on their river early in the season; and, as other clubs are forming with comparative success, boating interests will be lively through the coming Summer.

TOM COLE, who defeated Bob Coombes for the championship of the Thames twenty-five years ago, is an inmate of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, Eng., and was at last advices in a critical condition from the effects of an operation for the relief of dropsy. C. Bush, Joe Sadler, Harry Kelley, John Higgins, G. Drewitt, H. Thomas, F. Gulston and others have contributed to a fund for the relief of his distressed family.

JACOB VOORHIS JR., long identified with the Brooklyn and New York Yacht Clubs, died in this city on Friday, Jan. 4, aged 43.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A FOOT-RACE came off at Newmarket, Ont., Jan. 1, between the fast hundred-yard sprinter Jack Wilson, alias "Bolter," and Adams of Montreal, for $50 a side. Wilson won in two straight heats; distance, 440 yards; no time given.

J. Wood of Tranent gave J. Taylor 15 yards in 880, for £30, at Glasgow, Scotland, Dec. 15, and beat him easily. Time, 2.07½.

A Thrilling Drama.

It is whispered that a young gentleman in town is now hard at work upon a new drama, which, when completed, he hopes to see presented upon the boards of one of the theatres here. It is a purely American drama, and a very powerful one. In the seventh act of the play the curtain rises to show old Moneypouch, the insurance president, discovering his daughter going down a rope-ladder at midnight to land in the arms of an impecunious but loving young man in the yard. Old Moneypouch yells out:

"Hi! what's all this?"

The young man folds his arms sternly and rejoins:

"I wouldst flee with thy daughter."

"Curses on thee, villain!" roars the father.

Here the daughter breaks in with:

"Oh, pa, wipe off your chin!"

"I will not wipe off my chin! No, never! False minx!" thunders out the stern parent.

"Then pull down your vest, pa, do," responds the loving daughter.

"Ungrateful hussy! How can I pull down my vest? Don't you see I'm in my night-shirt!" shrieks the distracted parent.

"Ah! we have erred! Give us thy blessing, father-in-law-to-be," the young man now puts in, and he and the young woman flop down on their knees in the damp grass of the door-yard.

"Aha! Bless thee, my children, bless thee!" answers the old man, spreading his hands benevolently. "I will boost thee in business, my son, and thou shalt become president of a savings-bank, and slope in better style than thou hadst planned."

The curtain falls amid what the writer of the play expects will be the wildest applause of the enraptured audience.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 325.

SUICIDE OF AN ACTOR.—At Cape Town, South Africa, on Nov. 22, an inquest was held before the resident magistrate, to inquire into the death of William Rumball Clifton, stage-manager of Captain Disney Roebuck's company. James Knapp said deceased lodged with him, and had done so for five weeks. He seemed quite cheerful when he retired to his room after dinner, but while at tea Mr. Knapp heard the report of a pistol, and afterwards a second report, followed by a heavy fall. He went to ascertain the cause, and on entering the room found Mr. Clifton lying on his back with his right arm over his face. Blood was oozing from his mouth. He gave a gasp as witness lifted him up and died instantly. A six-chambered revolver was lying by his side. Had never seen him intoxicated, but deceased frequently complained of pains in the head and the worry of business. Samuel Honey, comedian, lodged at the same house, and sometimes occupied the same room. Noticed deceased was writing, and inquired if he was coming down to tea. Saw him no more alive. Deceased had complained of some injury he received on the voyage out. Also of the heat and of overwork. After receiving the statement of the examining physician, a verdict of suicide was returned. In a letter to Mr. Honey just before committing the act, the unfortunate man says:

For more than ten years I have suffered from a terrible disease, and now (combined with the injury I received on shipboard) the pangs are unendurable. I am therefore resolved to terminate my miserable existence. One of my reasons for this determination is, I cannot satisfactorily to myself get through the work which has been thrust (through no occurrence which nobody laments more than myself) upon my shoulders during the last few days—another is, I cannot endure the intense heat of the past two days. My sufferings yesterday and to-day have been and are dreadful. * * *

I resolved, in England, before accepting this engagement, if my disease and the heat incapacitated me, I would throw off the burden of existence. My pangs yesterday and to-day have (after serious meditation) confirmed this resolution.

Deceased has a brother, George B. Foster, residing in London.

"NINICHE," a new comedy by MM. Hennequin and Millaud, will be produced at the Varieties Theatre, Paris, after "La Cigale" ceases to be attractive.

FR. WOLTER, the tragedieane of the Court Theatre, Vienna, Austria, has received the Golden Cross of Merit from the Emperor.

AN ENTERTAINMENT of unusual excellence was given at the Royal Aquarium, London, Dec. 15, for the benefit of the General Theatrical Fund; but, notwithstanding the great attractions offered, including Sims Reeves in several songs, it proved a financial failure.

AN OFFER by Walter Joyce of £8,000 per annum for the bars of the Alhambra, London, was refused.

MUSICAL.

THE DEATHS are announced from Italy of Postalardo, the impresario of Milan, and Auteuil, of Joseph Tresse, publisher of musical and theatrical works.

M. F. SIMON, formerly a celebrated dancer at the Opera, Paris, died a short time ago. For gallant conduct he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, being, we believe, the only artist who received the decoration while pursuing his profession.

MLLE. BLANCHE BARETTI, formerly of the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, where she created in 1869 the principal part in "The Statue," has just died, in her thirty-ninth year, at Nice, after some years at the Opera Comique, and was a favorite in provincial towns and in Belgium. Ill-health had kept her absent from the stage for some years.

MLLE. NORDI made a most creditable first appearance at the Academy of Music, on Monday, Jan. 11, when she enacted the part of Gilda in "Riggoletto." A correspondent says of her: "She is Russian by birth, I believe, very young, of small figure, and interesting in appearance. Her voice is a high soprano of much purity, deficient in power for a large theatre, but sympathetic and pleasing. She sings with much taste, and has evidently been carefully instructed."

M. LECOQ has engaged with M. Koning to work only for the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, until 1880, after the production of the piece he is to furnish to the Varieties this Winter.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION of ancient and modern musical instruments, which it took forty years to collect, was lately sold by auction in Paris. The three days' sale to detail produced only £480, the lots falling to the Conservatoires of Paris and Brussels, and to the private museum of M. Sweck of Renaix in Belgium, who has already 800 instruments. The Asiatic, African, American, and European specimens of remote periods were some of them priceless.

DON PABLO SARASATE, Spanish violinist, has created a furor in Berlin, Germany.

VARIETY HALLS.

PETE CONKLIN'S cannon-ball act so pleased the amusement-seekers of Southampton, Eng., that he was re-engaged at Gordon's Hall of Varieties.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Wandering Showman in Scotland.

EDINBURGH, Dec. 24, 1877.

MY DEAR OLD CLIPPER.—It is long, very long, since I last wrote that once familiar name—how many years a man of my age little cares to reckon. Since then I have "sauntered," as the "looker-on," at the siege of Paris, the bombardment of Strasbourg, the Revolution at Rome, visited Garibaldi at his "Island House," climbed Etna and descended into Vesuvius (not far), been taken by brigands at Tarentum, and again at Girgenti—in both cases finding the benefit of being poor—have kenneled with the monks and dogs on the great St. Bernard, been nearer heaven than ever I desire before, and in Old Rome, visited nearer than I ever shall get again, been into the Suez Canal and onto the Pyramids, visited the Holy Land—skated on the Dead Sea—crossed the Jordan—but, with all, holiness implies any sort of goodness, or decency, or cleanliness, it is many degrees removed now; and have left Turkey to raise my children in cases finding other. I left Rome a few days ago via Turin, Paris and London, for "Auld Reekie," and was in Paris long enough to witness the great rejoicing at Marshal MacMahon's "carve in." The bonnie lasses in Edinburgh are heavenward, if the people do not. They are rotten, old tenements, twelve and even fourteen stories in height. They would fall of their own weight but that they are crowded like sardines in a box, and cannot. Some years ago, on my first visit to the place, one old house found room to fall, and killed a number of people. On my present visit another has gone down, and killed seven persons. I do not know if they have been falling during my absence, or if the entertainment is only gotten up for my special benefit. The latter is the case, I hope to be present when the dens that line "The Cowgate" go down. It always rains here, only when it snows, and little gas is used, from pride of the town, Prince's street, "is worse lighted than the streets of Paris," as Dan Rice says, such gas-lamps, and it would be total darkness. Edinburgh boasts of some she monuments and more bad ones. Good or bad, you are generally charged "tuppence" to see them, so it's all the same. I went to see a monument to that sturdy old "Reformer" John Knox; but reformers are not appreciated in Edinburgh. I should like to see some one something erected in commemoration of that wonderful genius who first discovered that the screech of the bagpipes was music. But, hang it! I had forgotten that the dear old CLIPPER is a "show paper."

Well, we have two theatres open—one with the pantomime of "Puss in Boots," the other with "Whittington and His Cat." Both are admirably placed on the stage, with magnificent scenery and dresses, and are well acted as pantomimes go. It is astonishing how people flock to see such trash at this season of the year; but then the children are the excuse, and it's all right. We have also two circuses in the town. One—Weldon's—is following in the category of the theatres, and is giving us "Whittington and His Cat." So you see "Puss" is in the ascendant here. Cooke Brothers' Royal Circus, one of the best-managed establishments upon this side of the water, holds forth with more legitimate equestrian matter. The brothers, three in number, are grandsons of the great Cooke of the English Circus, who was lost in the "Amazon," established by a fire in Baltimore many years ago. John Henry Cooke, one of the present firm, was born in America about that time, and is a fine, big, handsome man, and may be proud that he does so. He is known in America and acknowledged here to be at the head of English riders. Harry Welby Cooke is also favorably known among you, and deservedly so. He is a first-class artist. Alfred Eugene Cooke, the remaining member of the brotherhood of Cooke, is the most excellent performer and trainer, and the best "equestrian actor" I have ever met. His concern is clean, neat, most admirably managed, and patronized by the best class of society. What is better still, it is conducted on the principle of "live and let live." They have a number of American horses imported by themselves, and tell us that they are not to be equaled for beauty and efficiency—another feature for the "Eagle." But the Messrs. Cooke do not confine themselves to equine importations. They have in their company Mr. Fred Foster, of whom I need say nothing to Americans readers, unless to tell my old friend Tony Pastor to "O. K." The last importation is George Donald Melville, who came over on the City of Berlin with his famous horse "Oakey Hall" or, more correctly, Oakey Hall's passage, but all right now. He took the town by storm—nothing like him ever seen here before. Another plume from my "Scrap-Book Eagle."

But "enough is as good as a feast," and here I shall end those rambling jottings with an adieu to "Old Reekie," and "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to the old CLIPPER. THE ROVER.

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BY UNIVERSAL REQUEST, HARRIGAN AND HART IN SULLIVAN'S CHRISTMAS.
Return of the only incomparable FAT ROONEY.
Triumphant success of America's mimics, Charles S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers; reappearance of Will H. Morton, the sensation comique; Harry Bryant, America's ventriloquist; Johnny Patterson, the Irish clown; John F. Sheridan, as Captain Kroutampyer; Dick Sands, in his artistic clog; Johnny Shay, in a new sketch; second week of Emma Bresto, the beautiful serio comic vocalist; Eugene Blitz, with his little folks; Charles Diamond, the Milanese minstrel; Three Gorman Brothers, in songs and dances; Little Rosebud, the wonderful child artist; Billy Gray, in new comicalities. New music by Dave Braham.
WEDNESDAY MATINEE SATURDAY. 42-1t

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Proprietor and Manager.....JAMES C. DUFF
LAST SIX NIGHTS of the distinguished artist
CHARLES FECHTER,
in the very powerful melodrama
MONTE CRISTO.
MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 14,
NO THOROUGHFARE,
MR. CHARLES FECHTER appearing for the first time in this city as OBENREIZER. 42-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Saturday matinee at 2. (Over 4.30). Last nights of
MADAME MODJESKA.
Every evening (except Friday), at 8 o'clock, the new emotional play, ADRIENNE.
At 10.30, the popular comedietta, AN UNHAPPY PAIR.
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ADRIENNE AND JULIET
(the Balcony-scene).
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NIBLO'S GARDEN.
MR. GEO. S. GARDNER.....Manager
SECOND WEEK AND GREAT SUCCESS
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Pronounced by press and public the finest melodrama ever presented to a New York audience.
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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. 42-1t*

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FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
Week commencing
MONDAY, JAN. 7.
Harry Montague, Annie Hindle, Worden and Mack, Andy and Annie Hughes, Alice Loudon, Malone and Pettingill, Fred Williams, Newport and Rochester, Andrew Gaffney, Sam Baylis, Eddie Welch, Millie Sackett, Maurice Pike, Frank Wills and company.
Artists wishing dates apply. 42-1t*

GEORGE L. GREGORY,
AMERICA'S RISING YOUNG ORIMALDI,
AND WILL S. MADDEN,
the great Pantaloon and Mimic,
are now ready to negotiate with first-class managers.
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OPERA-HOUSE, BROADWAY AND 29TH STREET.
THE FAMILY RESORT.
RECEIVED WITH ROARS NIGHTLY.
Great success of Thatcher's new play
CHRISTMAS-EVE IN THE SOUTH.
CHRISTMAS-EVE IN THE SOUTH.
First week of DOG 'ON YOU, JOHN BUTTS. BIRCH AND BACKUS REHEARSING FOR THE CIRCUS.
WARREN'S new play sings "My Pretty Red Rose." Seats secured. Matinee Saturday at 2. 42-1t*

WOOD'S THEATRE, BROOKLYN.
17TH WEEK OF THE SEASON.
Every evening, Wednesday and Saturday matinee,
MR. ROBT. McWADE
in RIP VAN WINKLE.
Monday, Jan. 14, MR. JULE KEENE and SALLIE BOB THE BOOFBLACK.
Liberal sharing terms to first-class artists. 42-1t

NATIONAL VARIETIES,
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WM. REHLSEN.....Proprietor
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Open the year round. Good talent can always find engagements by addressing. 42-1t*

EGYPTIAN HALL,
Thirty-fourth

THE FAREWELL LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY F. L. STANTON.

We have parted forever, but still my sad heart
Beats warmly towards thee, as false as thou art!
Though burdened with sorrow, and aching with pain,
It pants for thy fairy-like presence again.
One word from thy lips, and that heart so oppressed
Would return, even now, to thy wavering breast;
And, knowing thee false, it would trust thee once more,
Though but to be slighted and spurned as before.

You know not, you know not the maddening pain
That preys on my heart and that fires my brain;
For such a strange feeling comes over me now,
That cold, icy drops trickle down from my brow.
I cannot define it—'tis something too deep
For thought or expression—I only can weep
And mournfully sigh, as my quivering pen
Flies rapidly over this paper again.
I only can weep o'er the days that have fled—
O'er the hopes that are blighted, the joys that are dead;
O'er the bright dreams of youth, o'er affection misplaced;
O'er love unregarded, and friendship disgraced.
I only can weep as the beautiful past
Comes back to my desolate bosom at last,
With the heavenly pleasure and joys that were mine,
When my tremulous heart found a refuge in thine.

Farewell, thou adored one! Though lost unto me,
My soul, in its passionate longing for thee,
Still clings to thy memory, and cherishes still
The love that has made me a slave to thy will.
Thine image is with me wherever I go,
And love makes me cherish and cling to it so.
Should *that* from my bosom forever depart,
Ah! what would be left to this sorrowing heart!

SHEPHERDS ALL, AND MAIDENS FAIR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME" ("BOSTON TOM, OR THE STORY OF A CONVICT.")

CHAPTER III.—LARGE DEDUCTIONS.

Mr. Pomeroy had been a resident as well as the tenant of an office in Great St. Simon Apostle for four-and-twenty years. He came to the place a man of thirty, and called himself generally an agent. That is to say, he was ready to do any kind of business on commission. Mostly his business lay with farmers, for whom he negotiated leases and renewals, bought machinery, and sometimes sold stock. In the conduct of his affairs he was quick and entirely trustworthy. He sought for no mean or unfair advantage, and he kept his word like the Bank of England. On the other hand, he was hard; if he had money to receive, those rents had to be paid on the day they were due. He had a large clientele, but not one single friend; not one single man, for four-and-twenty years, had passed from the doors of his office to his private rooms. He was not a hermit, because he went in and out among men, sometimes dined in public places, was seen in places of resort, but he knew no one, and spoke to no one. And every evening he spent alone in his own room. He professed to despise and mistrust human nature; he looked on everyone as a possible knave; he admitted no enthusiasms, and he allowed no disinterested grounds of any action, however simple. A disappointed and soured man; a man whose nature, always inclined to be suspicious, exacting, and irritable—an unhappy nature—had received some violent twist at one time or the other. If in the course of business a man was praised; if a measure was advocated; if a work was admired; if anything was advanced in his presence which tended to raise the credit of human nature, or the reputation of any man, country or human institution, Mr. Pomeroy had one formula. On those occasions he would lay his hands upon his knees, look his companion in the face, shake his head, and murmur: "Large deductions!"

At this time his hair, which was short and curly, had gone quite white; it was a crisp, defiant kind of hair, which stood up in a thick crop, springing straight from his forehead. His eyes were bright and keen, but, perhaps, a little too close together. His features were strongly marked; his mouth firm, and his smooth-shaven chin square and long. Beggars, who are great observers and acute physiognomists, felt that it would be useless asking such a face as that for charity; people who go round to offices for benevolent or religious societies came down-stairs from his at once, and without pressing their claims, when they heard his "No" in a deep and decided note; and children who ask the time, women who ask the way, crossing-sweepers who ply the broom, were all alike struck silent by the cold sternness of that face. Possibly there might be some tender spot somewhere in his heart, but no one yet had ever found it out. Certainly neither Lettice nor Will Langton.

It was, as the girl told John Pomeroy, seven years since she had been brought to Great St. Simon Apostle. A dreadful thing had happened to the children. They lived in a certain market-town in Essex, not far from the village of Moulsey Priors, the old house of the Burdacombs. Their father was the manager of the country branch of a great bank; their house was the upper part of the bank. One day the father went out after the closing of the bank, as was his custom, but on this day he did not return. The mother sat up all night, waiting in alarm for the husband who was to come home no more. And in the morning they found him lying in a ditch by the wayside—dead. He had killed himself. The mother, weak and ill herself at the time, died broken-hearted a week later. For there was more than suicide to face—there was disgrace. But this the orphans were partly spared, for Mr. Pomeroy came down from town and took them both away with him. Lettice he kept in his city house; the boy he sent to school.

"Understand," he said to Lettice, then a child of twelve, "that I am not to be disturbed. There is to be no talking and idle chatter. Amuse yourself as best you can. You shall have masters to teach you things, but do not talk to me or expect me to amuse you."

So the girl began the seven long silent years spent with this man, who never spoke to her except on matters of business.

For two years she and her brother went to spend a month at a certain farmhouse at Moulsey Priors, where her aunt lived; but the aunt died, and then there was nowhere to go to. When she was sixteen, Mr. Pomeroy asked her if she wished to have any more teaching. She did not, she said; although that was hardly true, because she would have liked the lessons to continue for the sake of the masters' talk. So then there was nobody at all to speak to. Will, too, was sent for two years' training in Germany, where he was to qualify himself for a foreign correspondence clerkship. Fancy the loneliness of the girl if you can! Try to understand the wild yearning that at times would come over her for somebody to come; for something to talk to; for someone to caress; for something to happen. No one, only an austere maid and an unsympathizing cook, with, by way of an external friend, the old woman who dusted the pews and swept the floor of the Dutch Church. No nun in any cloister could be more lonely, for nuns talk and work with each other; no prisoner in a cell could have been more lonely, for the prisoners have the chaplain to talk to. Long ago she would have sickened and died like a flower shut out from sun and air, but for one thing, which saved her. When she was eighteen, which was about the end of the year 1874, her brother Will came home from Germany, his education finished, and was permitted to spend every Sunday evening—Mr. Pomeroy locked himself up in his office during the whole of Sunday—with her. Thenceforth the Sunday evenings were hours sacred to affection and talk. She thought beforehand what she would talk about, so as to get the most talk possible out of the few hours during which her brother was with her. She studied what to say and how to say it, so as to please him; she put on her best things to please him; more than that, she gave him three-fourths of her money to please him. She clothed him with all the virtues that a boy can possess. He was the handsomest and the noblest of young men; he was the best and most single-hearted of brothers. Who does not know the length to which a fond woman's heart may carry her? Who has not experienced in his own life something of that sweet deception? We look in the glass, and we see what we are. A woman looks at us, and who can tell what she sees?

For Will Langton, too young to be altogether bad, was in a bad way. He was inclined for the things which young city clerks do well to avoid. He was idle, and fond of pleasure. He was extravagant. He was weak of will, and easily influenced.

It was on an evening towards the middle of October that the quiet dullness of Lettice Langton's life was disturbed. She was playing some old music in that dreamy, spiritless way which was growing upon her, daily eating out the hope and vigor of her youth. Her very dreams were faint now—those dreams of a possible and glorious change—and there were moments when she trembled, thinking of the dull, dark days before, and the dull, dark days behind.

It was a cold, rainy evening; a fire was burning in the grate, by which sat Mr. Pomeroy in his habitual silence. He held a book in his hand, but he was not reading, and his eyes were fixed upon the red coals.

Then the clock struck eight—a dozen clocks striking together—Big Ben in the distance, St. Paul's nearer, and all the city churches chiming in—some a little late, so that it was five minutes past eight when every one was finished. The regular striking of the hours was also a part and parcel of the general stillness. When Robinson Crusoe felt the silence and solitude of his island most, the waves were rolling along the shore and the wind was clashing the boughs together, but these things only struck his ears without his hearing them. So that when a quick and loud footstep echoed in the court, followed by a ringing at the door, both started.

"Who is that, Lettice?" asked Mr. Pomeroy.

No single evening visitor had ever come to the place during the four-and-twenty years of his tenancy.

The maid brought up a letter.

"The gentleman is waiting down below, sir. I said that you saw no one in the evening, but he says he wants you very particular."

"Humph! Give me the letter." He broke the seal and looked at the signature.

"It is from old Eli Ramsden, the Quaker of Moulsey Priors. What has he got to say to me?"

DEAR FRIEND JOHN POMEROY.—The bearer of this note, John Ashton, has to confer with thee on political questions. It is for thy great good that thee should see him at once, see him often, and learn to know him. This in truth, from thy friend,

ELI RAMSDEN.

"For my great good? See him often? What does Ramsden mean? Jane, show the young man up-stairs, into the office. No, here, and light us a fire. My great good! As if anything could happen to me now for my great good!"

Certainly a good deal might happen to the pale girl before him, who raised her quiet eyes in languid curiosity to see the stranger. Doubtless some uninteresting city person—one of those who rushed about all day with eager faces.

No; a young man who, whatever he was, could not be set down even at first sight as an uninteresting city man. A young man of quite a different style. A tall and brawny young fellow, with clear-cut features and steady eyes; and as he stood in the door, hat in hand, Lettice felt for a moment as if she had seen him before, somewhere—perhaps in a dream.

John Pomeroy the younger—it was he—saw before him a pale and very beautiful girl rising from a pianoforte, and at the fireside an elderly man, with hard, stern face and white hair standing up all over his head in short, sturdy curls. The room was plainly furnished, having the girl's piano, a case of books, and a single easy-chair, in addition to the customary simple furniture of a sitting-room.

The young man felt a singular emotion. Before him was his own father, whose very existence he had never suspected until a few weeks before. His father! There was but little to be made out of surmises; but he felt, at first sight, that here was a father capable of quite astonishing things in the way of hardness. That was immediately apparent.

"You are Mr. John Ashton?" asked the elder man, referring to his letter.

"I am—I am John Ashton," he replied, with a curious hesitation, as if he was not certain whether he might not be somebody else.

And again Lettice had the feeling of having seen him before. The very voice was familiar. It was deep and clear, like the voice of her guardian.

"My old friend"—here Mr. Pomeroy looked steadily at his visitor—"my old friend Eli Ramsden tells me that you wish to see me. How can I serve you? Or, as we are men of business, and I like to call things by their proper names, how can we serve each other?"

"Let us call things by their proper names. You can serve me by teaching me."

"I am not a private tutor."

"And yet you can serve me by teaching me. You are, Mr. Ramsden tells me, better acquainted than any other living man with agricultural work of all kinds in England."

"Eli Ramsden is a man of truth," said Mr. Pomeroy. "I should not have said that of myself; but since he says it, you may accept it."

"I do accept it. I am a Canadian, sir—not by birth, because I was born in England, but went to Canada twenty-four years ago, as an infant passenger, in the first steamer of the Allan Mail Line that ever crossed the Atlantic; so, having passed twenty-four years out of twenty-five and two months in the country, I claim to call myself a Canadian-born."

"You seem proud of it."

"I am proud of it, sir; we are going to be a great country some day."

"Ah! Large deductions!" murmured the elder.

"Well, we will talk about that another time. I am over here to learn all that can be known, all that can be taught me, to aid me on my farm in Canada."

"You have a farm? Of your own?"

"It is my mother's. I am her only son, and I am, therefore, in a sense, the owner."

"And you have brought over money? We do nothing here for love."

"I am in command of three thousand pounds, most of which I am to lay out to advantage in implements and stock, but part I may spend upon myself."

"To throw away in what you call amusements?"

"No, sir. To throw away in education—in such things as one cannot get in the backwoods. That is my business in England. And Mr. Ramsden says you can help me."

"Aye. I am agent for more than one kind of business. Suppose I can help you?"

"Then we will make an arrangement. This is my proposition: I will come here three nights a week; you shall answer my questions—there will be plenty of them—and you will tell me what you know. There is plenty of knowledge in your brain if I can get it out. Think this over, and make a proposal as to terms. Just as well be talking to me as sitting over a fire."

Mr. Pomeroy was taken altogether aback. Here was a young man, whom he had never seen before, actually proposing to intrude himself for three nights in every week into his private rooms; to rob him of his twenty-five years' evening silence; to pump him for information; to bore him with questions. The impudence of the thing startled him.

"You say," he replied slowly, "that your name is John Ashton—John Ashton. I never knew anyone of that name; and yet your eyes seem familiar to me. I knew a—a person with the same eyes once; quite the same eyes. I thought that person was in every way to be trusted—he was not—the same dull old story—the usual deductions. Never trust to appearances, boy. Never believe in your neighbor. Fight for your own hand. Praise nobody. Trust nobody. Ask no trust of anybody. There, you have learned more wisdom from me in two minutes than you have learned all your life in Canada."

"Perhaps, sir," the younger replied, "that is a sort of wisdom which every man must have for himself. This young lady would not believe it as yet, at any rate. I am sure of that—any more than I believe it."

Lettice, who had been sitting on the music-stool listening, started.

"No," she said; "I cannot believe that there are no good people in the world. I have met with one, at least."

She looked at her guardian.

"Tush! nonsense, girl. What do you know?"

"Will you take me, Mr. Pomeroy?" urged the young man. "You shall call me your pupil, your apprentice, anything you please; only take me. Let me come here three nights a week for a month or two. You will find me an apt pupil and a ready learner; only you must let me come as a friend and an equal, else I am afraid my Canadian habits will surprise you."

"Why do you want to come so much?"

"Why? For fifty reasons. Listen a moment, sir. Canada is a poor country, because she has never had a fair chance of attracting capital. What is the best way of attracting capital?"

"That is a broad question."

"No, sir. I think it is a narrow one. It is—success. Now, I believe we are going to succeed at last. We are going to become the great stock-farm for England. We have the lands, we have the railways, and we have the boats. As we grow in wealth, so we shall grow in greater esteem. I guess that is so, sir?"

He spoke with a very slight drawl, and the least touch of American twang.

Mr. Pomeroy considered a few moments. Then he looked up and said in a low voice, as if he had been fighting a battle with himself and been defeated:

"You may come. Begin to-morrow. Now, good-night."

"Thank you, sir, I will come. But I am coming as a friend, and so please introduce me to that young lady."

"This young lady is my ward, Miss Lettice Langton."

The young man called John Ashton held out his hand. It was a very pretty, delicate little hand that was put forth to meet his grasp.

"I hope we shall be very good friends, Miss Langton. I have no friends yet in London."

"Nor have I," she murmured.

Then he was gone. They listened, as he sprang down the steps four at a time; they heard him shut the door after him; they heard his footsteps in the court and down the narrow passage of Carmel Friars. Then everything was quiet again.

Lettice Langton looked at her guardian. He was staring straight before him, as if he had seen a ghost.

"I am a fool, Lettice," he said, in a tone quite unlike himself. "I am a fool to admit that boy to the house. What does Eli Ramsden mean by sending me a mad Canadian? All because his eyes made me think of someone else. Eyes and mouth and voice—gestures, too, all reminded me. Strange tricks memory plays! Good-night, Lettice."

In his hotel close by, the young fellow sat writing a letter to his mother.

"I have seen him," he wrote. "I have seen him, thanks to Mr. Ramsden's letter. He is gray-haired, but looks strong and vigorous. His manner is very cold, and he says that there is no one in the world to be trusted—of course I don't believe that. He said, too, that my eyes reminded him of 'a person'—that is what he said—'a person.' I acted entirely on Mr. Ramsden's advice. He is a stiff old Quaker, but he read all the letters, and when he had read them he said dryly: 'Thy mother is a woman whom we may pity, friend John. I will think what thee must do.' And the next day he told me what I should do. Mr. Pomeroy—I am afraid to say my father, lest I should one day blurt it all out by accident—is the cleverest man in all England about agricultural things. The farmers go to him, and he buys instruments, gives advice, or sells advice, and acts for them. There is no one, says Eli Ramsden, like him; and, if he were a different man, he would make himself better known and acquire an immense reputation. But he lives locked up, and has no friends. No one, said Eli Ramsden, has ever seen him in his private room, where he lives alone. So I was the first. I went in quite boldly, as if I expected to be received with open arms; and after a bit he gave way. He does not live alone, because there is a young lady with him, a Miss Lettice Something. Mother, I think I have lost my heart! I told you I would let you know whenever I did. Oh, such a pretty girl; such a quiet, sweet-looking girl! She did not speak till I spoke to her. But I made him introduce me, and I am to go as a friend. As a friend! If only he knew!

"London is a splendid place, when you get used to the crowd. To-day I went to ——" Here followed a page of description which we omit, because most of our readers have seen the Tower, St. Paul's, the Monument, and the Docks. "And, my dear mother, I can't get that girl's face out of my mind. Do you really believe in love at first sight? And perhaps she belongs to some other fellow. Happy other fellow!"

Mr. Pomeroy, left to himself, tried in vain to recover the usual tenor of his thoughts. Some chord had been struck which awakened recollections of the past.

"What is it?" he asked himself. "The lad's eyes, his mouth, his gestures—all remind me of her. Rubbish! I am put out, and nervous. She is dead—dead, long ago—long ago—dead and forgotten."

CHAPTER IV.—THE IDLE APPRENTICE.

The most edifying of all Hogarth's celebrated series used to be, in my young days, a certain contrasted pair of pictures. In one was represented the industrious apprentice in church, looking almost too pious, and singing out of the same hymn-book with a pretty girl. Love, religion, duty, the approbation of others, a proper sense of female beauty, and the applause of a good conscience, are all depicted in that fortunate young man's face. I could never, for my part, divest myself of the feeling that, had it not been for the pretty, demure maiden, that young man might have followed the example of the other young man, who, as everybody knows, is depicted in the companion picture as playing heads-and-tails on a tombstone. He is all unconscious of the beadle, who is stealing on him from behind, cane in hand; and he is most unfortunately ignorant of the fact that his position is favorable for the administration of the most awful crack that he is ever likely to receive in all his life. These two apprentices are for the moment represented by young John Pomeroy, the industrious, and Will Langton, the idle. The former, spending his evenings in practical conversation, learning all that his tutor could teach, always in the society of the pretty maiden; the latter, unlucky Will, idling away the golden hours in billiard-rooms and music-halls. And on Sundays, while the idle apprentice spends the forenoon smoking tobacco, only pulling himself together to visit his sister in the evening, the industrious young man might have been seen at the Dutch Church in Carmel Friars, singing out of the same hymn-book with the sweetest girl in all London. How excellent and how manifold are the rewards held out to those who do their duty!

To be sure, John understood no word of Dutch, but he was in a church; before him stood the preacher, doubtless saying words good to hear; around him, within this narrow wainscoted fold, sat the honest Hollanders, listening devoutly; and beside him, her face touched with the glow of a dim autumn day shining through the windows, was Lettice Langton. It was new and strange for both of them. John's opportunities for flirting were few in the Canadian backwoods; such maidens as he met were—well, good and true girls as any the sun shines upon; but not like Lettice, not so sweet, not so delicate, not so dainty, not so altogether desirable and lovely. I fear that, while the voice of the preacher rang among the rafters, and echoed from the walls of the great empty church, that industrious apprentice, like his predecessor, was thinking more of the face beside him than the Gospel that was being preached. When church was over, John walked with Lettice once or twice up and down the court, and left her to go home to her early and solitary dinner.

The evening lessons began. The young man took advantage of the permission to come as a friend in its fullest extent. He made as if he were a bold friend; he pretended to be a confidential friend; he told Mr. Pomeroy the whole of his private affairs—except one thing—he asked his advice, as well as sought for information. So that, on the very first evening, Mr. Pomeroy found himself entrusted with the management, so to speak, of estates in Canada, belonging to a lady whom he had never heard of. Not only that, but he was managing them for nothing. Most men approached Mr. Pomeroy with that diffidence which belongs to a reputation for ability, wealth, and eccentricity. The young Canadian met him with neither diffidence nor timidity; he was, as is the custom in that free country, one man with another. Mr. Pomeroy, strange to say, liked it. What he liked more was the dash and pluck of the young fellow and his eminently practical mind. Perhaps what he liked as well was the change in his habits. He was roused out of himself. He actually began to talk to Lettice at breakfast and at dinner. He even seemed to take an interest in what she did; asked her, more than once, if she was not dull; and became, in a word, human.

"He is a practical young fellow," he said one morning. "That is what I like him for. None of your dreamers, who go to bed at night thinking that all the world are struggling who shall be first to help them. No, no; he means to help himself first—that is his line. Meantime he is young, and of course believes that people are not all envious of success, and chiefly anxious to throw stones at men going up the ladder. Wait till he is a little older."

The prospect of seeing John speedily become as great a misanthrope as himself put Mr. Pomeroy in good humor.

"I wish he would come every night," he said. "We are poor company with each other, Lettice. Why don't you talk to me sometimes?"

"You do not like being disturbed."

"Tut—tut. Every man likes conversation. I do not like prattle. Now, Ashton talks well. Why don't you pay him a little more attention? Then he would come oftener, perhaps."

"I, sir?" Lettice opened her eyes.

"He would like it, I am sure, if you gave him a little encouragement. Now, look here," the conspirator nodded his head and looked crafty. "Offer to play to him to-night—you play very well."

So that evening—the third—Lettice, timidly glancing at her guardian, asked John Ashton if he would like her to play a little.

"The very thing I was longing for," he said, springing to his feet and throwing open the piano. "The very thing; but I did not dare ask it."

That was the case with him. He dared anything with Mr. Pomeroy, but with the girl he was afraid. It is a healthy instinct which prompts a young man's knees to tremble, and his voice to sink, before the girl he loves. Knees strengthen as one gets older, and the divinity of women falls from the saddened eye of experience.

Lettice played for an hour. She played with expression and with skill. Alone all day, music was her principal solace, and her piano the friend to whom she confided all her thoughts. She played, and the young man sat beside her and listened.

"At home," he murmured in her ear, "at home we have choral societies and madrigal clubs—I belong to one—but there is no one among us who can play like you."

She blushed with pleasure. It was the first time anyone had ever praised her. Good heavens! if people only knew the power of praise, and how it wins the love of men and women! Praise everybody, you who want popularity; but praise as if you mean what you say, not as though you are sneering or envying, else people will hate you. Let every poet be a Milton, every woman a goddess, every artist a Raphael, every actor a Garrick, every newspaper-writer a Macaulay; then you will be greatly loved, and backbiters will have to operate on other people's backs—the backs of those who criticise and blame.

"Shall I sing for you?" asked the young man. "Or perhaps you will sing to me?"

"No," she replied. "I have no voice. What will you sing?"

He looked about among her music and found a song which he knew. It was a simple Scotch song, and he sang very well and had a good bass voice.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pomeroy, "I used to sing once myself."

Lettice heard this with amazement. Mr. Pomeroy sing!

"Why did you give it up?" John asked bluntly.

"Because there came a time when I gave up a great many things in which I had formerly taken pleasure; because I learned to know the world. Was taught it in a single lesson. Most men learn it in a series of lessons."

At ten the music ceased, and Lettice left them alone.

"I always have a glass of brandy-and-water with my pipe. Will you join me?" asked Mr. Pomeroy in a burst of generosity, because hospitality was one of his disused virtues. We most of us have several disused virtues lying by, rusty for want of practice. Some day, when I have time, I mean to get all mine out, furbish and rub them up smart and clean, and go about brandishing them. Think of everybody's astonishment!

"Thank you," said John. "I never touch spirits or drink of any kind. And I do not smoke."

Mr. Pomeroy belonged to that old-fashioned school of thinkers who hold that wine, and especially port, should be consumed after dinner; beer, and especially bitter-beer, with luncheon; and spirits, especially brandy, before going to bed, with two pipes. He clung to these habits, and it seemed flippant that so young a man should refuse to conform with them.

"Not drink anything—a teetotaler? And not smoke? Why do you affect these singularities?"

"Well, sir, they are not singularities at all. At least, I do not mean them as such. They are the customs of the country."

"Do you mean that no one in Canada drinks anything?"

"Not quite. Only that a large proportion among us, even in the towns, are temperance men, and that, in my part of the country, very few drink at all."

"Well!" said Mr. Pomeroy. "Large deductions, no doubt, large deductions."

It was on the Saturday after the first of those evenings that John took Lettice for her drive.

On the Sunday morning, when she came down the Friars at eleven o'clock, he was waiting for her in the porch of the church. He saw that she had put on her new jacket and bonnet. She was not surprised to see him.

"I thought you would be here," she said simply. "You can come to church with me; we are just in time."

After church he asked her to go for a walk with him, but she refused, on the ground of early dinner, and he was fain to let her go. After the door of Number Five shut upon her, how flat, stale, and dull the whole place seemed! And what a dismal place London became, London on Sundays.

As yet, he knew there could be no question of love. She was not a girl who thought of love-making; she had, he was sure, no suspicion of love, no expression of the slightest flirtation; ignorant of everything, of the world, of the ways of men, of society, of her own sex, she accepted the suit and service of John Ashton as an unexpected delight, a thing to be taken with gratitude, but which had no great drawback, because he would soon go away and leave her alone again in a desolation which would be aggravated by the memory of past joys. Already, in a single week, she had learned to look forward with eagerness to his visit; already she was trying to think what she would play that he would like; already she was remembering and treasuring up his words. Already her brother had the second place in her thoughts.

How was it, however, with the Idle Apprentice? The boy was junior clerk in the great firm of Ferris & Halkett, with better chances than most of the juniors, because he knew French and German. The house paid him forty pounds a year for his services; Mr. Pomeroy allowed him an additional forty. On eighty pounds a year a boy of seventeen ought to be able to live; at least, a great many do.

Young Langton, however, did not by any means manage to make his eighty pounds cover all expenses. Very far from it; and in the course of a short twelvemonth he not only got through all that sum, but also through thirty pounds which he had got from his sister. He acquired, besides, a gentlemanly manner of establishing a system of tick with tailors and shoemakers, so that he was not only the best dressed among the juniors of Ferris & Halkett's, but none of his clothes were paid for. This advantage, which gave him so much more money to spend, enabled Will Langton to extend his knowledge of life by joining in its amusements, which he did chiefly under the introductory patronage of a brother-clerk, Ernst Kugel.

Kugel, a young man of two-and-twenty, a German by birth, had been long enough in this country to speak English perfectly. It was in England, indeed, that he acquired those habits and tastes which marked him out as occupying a position far beneath his merits. What was a hundred and twenty pounds a year to a youth of unlimited day and night of wealth, which, mind you, he would not hoard, economize, or lay out to any absurdly useful or beneficial enterprise, but would spend, and spend royally, upon himself?

Ernst Kugel hoped to arrive at this end, not by inheritance at all, but by sheer steady industry, which was equally absurd, but by short and easy methods. For one thing, he betted on horses. Whenever he had a pound to spare, he laid it on some animal about whom he had previously received a tip of the straightest kind. This amusement, while it occasionally gave him a pocketful of money, kept him habitually in the direst depths of poverty and debt. Of course he took whatever credit he could get, and, of course, he abused that confidence and broke his faith. He was, in a word, one of the very worst specimens that London can show, of the clerk who is also cad and snob, crafty and unscrupulous. He drank as much beer, or anything else, as he could get; he smoked as much tobacco as the office-hours and those spent in sleep would permit; his views on all subjects were mean and earthly, his opinions on all men were low and base; he was the very worst companion that poor young Langton could have. And, yet, because Langton was innocent, fond of amusement, and frank, Kugel fixed upon him for his victim, and began to teach him all he knew himself.

Kugel was handsome, in a way. His German face was of a type common enough, but pleasant. He had long light-brown hair and bright-blue eyes; he was rather above than below the middle height; he wore a moustache, but no beard or whiskers; his face showed few signs of his debauched life, save for the twitching of the muscles; but his figure was already rather bloated, and his "condition" prematurely bad. His shoulders were round, and he stooped a little as he walked.

The fact is, that as Ernst Kugel should have been born rich, in order to give the world an awful example of how money should not be spent, so Will Langton should have been born rich, so as to show the world what a curse idleness may really be. He hated offices and office-work; he detested the drudgery of quill-driving; he longed for the half-holiday to come again; he thought the noblest thing of all was to be born with no necessity for work. He had not, you see, read Rabelais, who would have taught him that necessity is the first great master of arts.

Once out of the hated office, both young men fill and smoke pipes. It is not that young Langton wants to smoke—in fact, he does not smoke except when he is with his friend; but there is a certain grandeur and independence in walking along the street, pipe in mouth.

"Where are we going to-night?" asked the boy.

Will had been sent to the Connaught Hall last night. I don't think we want

FLORA TEMPLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

They have driven her in through the broad, broad gate,
On the track where time is taken no more;
They have driven her in, so calm and sedate
You scarce would have known her who knew her before.

The days of her triumphs had lone ago fled;
All stripped of her strength, bereft of her grace,
She stood while the years passed over her head,
Patiently waiting to enter Death's race.

Rivals rose up to snatch from her brow
The crown which had decked it, the laurel-wreath green—
Swift-footed, impetuous animals now—
They were stripling colts when Flora was queen!

Her record was beaten, its prestige was slain.
By halves and by quarters they whittled it down,
While the stern driver, Age, drew tighter the rein,
And gave her no chance to win back the crown.

So, robbed of her glory, pray, what could she do
But dream of the triumphs won in her prime,
When Kalamazoo was the Waterloo
Which routed her rivals and slaughted Time?

Then a tear for her mem'ry, a cheer for her fame,
For the plucky old mare who has drawn her last breath;
And write on the card, along with her name:
"She never was distanced except by Death!"

A STORY OF NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "SPERRY."

It has become a weakness with me to walk Broadway from Fourteenth street to the City Hall twice a day. Punctuality is my rule, and I am as regular as any son of toil with a hard master.

I take great interest in some persons I meet on Broadway, and their faces have become as familiar to me as that of my own dear girl. I know when their wardrobes need replenishing; and it grieves me to state that the majority are what is called "seedy." Two months ago I noticed a gentleman whom I have seen twice a day ever since. It was a raw evening—one of those nights when the wind is damp and cold, and sensible people who have no business to keep them out of doors hurry home as fast as they can. I was sunning myself in a picture of the Everglades when he passed, touching my elbow. I turned suddenly, and there was something in that face that made me take a mind's-eye daguerreotype of him. It was manly, but pale and irresolute, and the cheeks had a consumptive bloom. There was no firmness of character in the lips. His hat was drawn down firmly over his forehead, and his coat was buttoned up tight to the chin. Like a shark, I followed in the stranger's wake as far as the Blank Hotel, and then I lost sight of him. He made a deep impression on me, however, for I can only remember counting three signs and crossing the street six times during my stroll homeward.

The next morning I met my new street-friend again. I began to expect meeting him daily; and when, by chance, I missed him, I felt lonesome and moody. Neither my successful guesses at the number of letters in the signs, nor the handsome New-Year presents I saw in the windows, nor even nothing of a pair of hazel eyes which now and then peeped at me from under a duck of a hat—none of these things really satisfied me, unless I saw my impressive friend in the course of my ramble.

New-Year's day came at last; and in obedience to the custom of the Knickerbocker city I made many calls on old friends. Among those to whom it was my earnest desire to say "Happy New Year" was my warm friend Mrs. Lizzie Remington, who sat all day in state, to receive the homage of her numerous admirers. She gave us a feast—of knowledge—thinking that most of us needed nothing more; and here I must confess that it was true of me, for I had eaten twenty pieces of plum cake, and drunk—well—too much lemonade for my own good, before calling on my distinguished lady friend. As I passed into the house, a gentleman passed out. We met face to face, exchanged a look of recognition, and separated, be to continue his calls, and I to whisper soft nonsense to Mrs. Lizzie Remington, after the customary compliments were tendered to the queen of that household, I put the question:

"Who is that gentleman I met going out just now? His face is very familiar to me."

"Nelly, my dear," said the languid creature to a young lady of sweet seventeen, who sat in a corner dissecting an orange, "who was he? His name has entirely escaped my memory. I believe you know him. Do you not, my dear?"

Sweet seventeen must have known him, for she said:

"Why, that's Mark Lewis—Mr. Mark Lewis, ma'am,"

"So it was. How very stupid I am not to remember his name, for his wife is a charming person, and dresses with excellent taste. You must have met her here, Mr. Sperry;" and, raising her fan to cool the agitation her forgetfulness caused, Mrs. Lizzie Remington invited me to partake of some more lemonade.

This I politely refused, saying that the weather was too raw and chilly for too large a dose of that peculiar beverage. The angelic matron tapped my cheek with her fan, and actually called me "a sarcastic wretch." I was about to return the compliment, when a batch of young gentlemen stepped from a carriage, and, giving Mrs. Lizzie Remington a friendly hand-shaking, I took my departure.

That night we called on Tony in Fourth avenue, and while sipping our punch—which was taken as medicine to kill the effects of the grand temperance drink—who should drop in but Mark Lewis. I nodded a welcome, and, removing my legs from the chair in which they were resting, invited him to be seated.

"You look cold, sir," said I. "Permit me to place your chair nearer the fire. It is a bitter night."

He thanked me, and sat down in front of the fire, and while his whole thoughts seemed to be concentrated on some fancy he pictured in the embers, a fellow-lodger and acquaintance of mine named Spurgeon entered and took a seat near me. Now, it must be known that Mr. Spurgeon has a great weakness in trying to make strangers believe that he is well posted on all subjects. After I introduced the ill-matched pair one to the other, the waiter came along, having undergone any change, while the woman is as proud and haughty as ever. She fights poverty step by step, resolutely, and I must say meanly. The man has become a wag in his way, and he resolves to punish her, and, if he fails, to punish himself for his past follies. He makes her dress as elegantly as his means will allow, while he goes about very seedy in dress. He feels a satisfaction in sacrificing himself to his poverty. To sacrifice one's self for some good cause is noble; but to do as he does is bad and weak, for it is not done with humility, but with cold, bitter pride, which would be laughable if not so painful. He would not rise above his present position in the world, even if he had the chance, because he would be sure to fall again. He wastes his life in hard labor, obscurity, and is unknown. Now and then he walks Broadway in a suit of rusty black, stared at by the well-dressed crowd. When his wife goes to fashionable balls and parties—for be it known she will not be cured of her old weakness—he calls for her at midnight, like a servant, as he is, and brings her home shivering in the cold. But, bless my soul!" he added as he looked at his watch, "it's midnight now, and my wife is waiting for me. I shall catch it for being late. Give me another cigar, and let me go. Good-night!"

"Good-night!" said Spurgeon and myself; and, calling the waiter to refill the two empty stone jugs, we drank the health of Mark Lewis and all true gentlemen placed in his position.

This ends the "Story of New Year's Night." But when I went home it was difficult for me to fit my night-key. I thought that the keyhole was stolen, or else the landlady had taken it in to keep it from catching cold. Cigars and lemonade always serve me so; but at last I found the hole, and crept softly up to my room. I soon fell asleep, but dreams disturbed me. First I lost the band of my hat and my ring. Then, again, Mark Lewis ran away with my overcoat, and left me in a pelting hail-storm; and then my cigar fell on my vest and burned a hole in it. These misfortunes were nothing, bad as they were; but when I thought that I was married to the hazel eyes, under that duck of a hat, my cup of misery was overflown. We made a trip to Long Branch, and on our return to New York my troubles commenced. I had an extravagant wife, who ran up bills without number, and even had the nerve to go and buy the lace that was refused to Mrs. Mark Lewis. There was an army of tradespeople running after me, and in terror I ran to find—they all had fled. The bills were only flakes of snow, falling heavily in the moonshine, and the darling hazel eyes were only—Heaven knows. They were not in my attic palace, that is certain; and the balance of the night I lay awake thinking of Mark Lewis and his New-Year's story, and saying to myself: "Truth is more wonderful than fiction."

HIS NEW-YEAR'S RESOLVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I met him at morn on New-Year's day,
A friend of my earlier years;
He said to me then, in his earnest way,
While his eyes grew wet with tears:
"On this first day of the fair New Year
The paths of evil I do renounce;
To whiskey and rum, tobacco and beer,
Henceforth and forever I give the bounce.
A cocktail with me is a thing that was,
But something far better shall be,
And the Excise Commission shall have no cause
To be exercised on account of me!"

I met him again—'twas the tenth of the month,
Not far from the midnight hour;
I asked him in—he leaned on the bar
And called for a whiskey sour.

NICHOLAS NILES.

AN ODD EPISODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

BADE my mother farewell again to-day, to see her no more for another year, I suppose; and she had she has not disclosed the secret. It is killing her. What can it be? Something, I suspect, in connection with the property. After her death someone will turn up with a claim upon it, perhaps, and some ghastly mystery be revealed. Here I sit, dismal enough, in my room at this the only hotel in Dullington, and my train does not come until midnight. I have posted up my diary—what resource remains for me but that I can I to pass this long evening? I have it! There is a circus in town—my old friend Milhurst's Grand Moral Aggregation. I shall go. After the performance there is to be a marriage between his principal equestrian, Mr. George Elton, and Miss Fanny Midhurst, my friend's beautiful daughter. So he told me with much pride at supper. Yes; in spite of my tight shoes, which have plagued me all day, I shall go.

Closing this diary and tossing it into my trunk, I pulled on those instruments of torture my handsome new gaiters, and started forth to attend the circus. I was late. The menagerie tents were deserted; but the throng under the canvas where the ring performance was given was simply immense. There was no room there for a man with tight shoes, and I limped back to listlessly inspect such of the animals as were not covered up for the night. Before a cage containing some enormous macaws and parrots I noticed a tall, veiled lady standing—very tall. What drew me to her I know not. Everything that night seemed like fatality. But in a moment I was at her side. She stood frozen, like a somnambulist, her large eyes shining through the thick folds of the veil, with a fixed stare. Suddenly she became aware of my presence, and, turning, said:

"Sir, you will excuse me, I am sure; but I am a stranger here, and quite alone. I learned there was to be a wedding to-night after the performance, and I should so like to see it." She laughed very oddly, like a person gasping, and placed her hand to her bosom. "I have not been invited; but I mean to do a very adventurous thing and be present unseen. Does not that passage lead to the dressing-room?"

She pointed to a short lobby running from the ring.

"To the gentlemen's dressing-room," I replied; "but you will not be allowed to go *there*, I am afraid."

"You think not?" she said, with another short laugh, and a little mockingly, I thought, and immediately walked away, her handsome black form trailing after her, and adding a strange majesty to her tall figure.

Was she mad? I felt sure of it, and instantly determined to find out old Midhurst and relate this odd little circumstance. A short time before I had noticed him in the main tent, standing near the place reserved for the band, and I now re-entered the circus portion of the establishment, expecting to find him in his former place still. He had not left it; but hundreds of people were between us, and I experienced in my feeble attempts to get through the crowd many difficulties and obstacles as I might have found in an endeavor to reach the North Pole. The act now going on in the ring was Mr. George Elton's, and the people were too much absorbed in his daring equestrianism to have much patience with me. He was performing everything. I finally came to a halt in despair, just as Mr. Elton ended his exhibition and disappeared.

The next act had just begun, when I observed a strange commotion among those of the audience nearest the short lobby I have spoken of as leading to the gentlemen's dressing-room. Men were looking over one another's shoulders, some beckoning to others excitedly, all were pushing and swaying, and every instant the pressure about that particular spot became greater. I hurried there, and by making my way under one of the band wagons was enabled to get in the very midst of this excited assembly. What I saw I shall never forget. There lay poor Elton, just as he had come from the ring hardly five minutes before; not smiling now, but an awful white stare settling upon his face and his limbs fast stiffening like the icy rigidity of death. Some miscreant had stabbed him directly through the heart, and the blood was still flowing into the wide pool spread all about him. The assassin, in hastily turning away, had stepped into this stream, and then upon a small strip of canvas which had been thrown there, leaving a distinct impression of the sole of his boot. Two policemen were bending over and making a grave and anxious inspection of this. All these things I saw at a single glance. I did not need a second. Ill and almost fainting, I hustled my way out of the crowd and sought the open air. The performance of course had come to an end. The wildest rumors had got about—the audience were hurrying forth by every outlet, no one able to give the slightest explanation of this sudden and horrible murder. For my part, the shock had quite overcome me, and I went immediately to my hotel, and you may perhaps imagine something of my state of mind when the clerk handed me the following telegram, received in my absence:

"Return instantly. Your mother is very ill."

The up-train came a little after eleven. I recollect very vividly my dazed condition as I got into one of the coaches, thinking now no longer of the tragic affair at the circus, but of my poor mother. Should I be able to reach her in time? The engine seemed to crawl. Mental anguish may be as acute as human nature can bear, but cannot overpower the sense of physical pain that may accompany it. In my distressing reverie I was not unconscious of the tortures my feet were suffering in those tight shoes, and I stooped and took them off, leaving them under the seat. The feeling of relief was exquisite, and for the first time awoke me to my surroundings, and I took a general glance at my fellow-passengers. With a start, I observed sitting directly in front of me the tall, veiled woman with whom I had spoken in the circus. At this instant the conductor appeared with his lantern and asked for my ticket. I inquired anxiously about the train with which we were to connect, as I thought, at Maldon Junction. Fancy my dismay when he informed me that an immediate connection was not made, and I must lie over till morning at that station. "And my mother dying!" I exclaimed bitterly aloud, causing everyone in the car to turn and stare at me curiously. It was quite true. We did not linger a moment at Maldon, and I had barely time to search under the seat in front of me and find my accursed shoes and put them on, and limp out of the carriage, when, with a piercing yell, the train flew on again and was swallowed by the darkness.

It was some time past midnight when I was shown my room in the hotel at the junction, and, tired out, I lay down without undressing, and a few hours of stupor, rather than slumber, followed. When I awoke the first object my eyes rested on was those agonizing shoes. Slay! What was this? One of them was not my shoe. There was no possible doubt about it. Even from my position on the bed I could perceive that the gaiter on the floor nearest me was a lady's. I had therefore made a mysterious exchange with someone. With whom? The truth flashed upon me—with the veiled woman in the train. She, too, had taken off her shoes, leaving them under the seat, and in the darkness and hurry I had got hold of one of hers instead of my own. I rose and examined this strange gaiter. All round the edge of the sole there was blood! With a thrill I recollected the footprint on the canvas, the mysterious colloquy about the marriage which had preceded it. The murderess of the unfortunate equestrian was found!

My instant resolution was to telegraph to the Chief of police at Dullington. I would go downstairs in my stockings and do so without delay. A whistle blew. Was it my train? No; the sound came from another direction; it was the early accommodation for Dullington. Adjusting my dress and hair, and carefully holding on to the strange gaiter, I prepared to descend to the telegraph-office below, and just as I opened the door I was confronted by the tall, veiled woman in the corridor! I fell back, and she walked in, shut the door, and stood resolutely with her back to it. Speechless, I watched her as she removed her veil, disclosing the face of a woman of forty-five, and the remains of a beauty that must have been wonderful.

She smiled, a little doubtfully, and as her large, lustrous eyes fell on the shoe in my hand she started perceptibly, and her features contracted with a sharp and sudden anxiety.

"We made an amusing mistake last night," she said, looking up again and smiling as before; but pallid and evidently frightened. "I have traveled all the way back to recover my gaiter and give you yours. I must congratulate you on having a very small foot, if you have been able to wear mine."

"Madam," said I, perceiving that a decisive engagement was about to ensue, and instantly forming my plan of battle, "I shall be very frank with you. This shoe of yours tells with formidable eloquence a frightful secret. It reveals who murdered the circus-rider George Elton, last night."

She listened, watching me with a dark stare. Her color returned, her eyes glowed with a sinister light. She accepted my challenge.

"Plain speaking and few words will perhaps be best," she answered firmly. "You do not look like a rich man. I have ten thousand dollars in bank stock which I am willing to transfer—for that shoe."

"Rothschild could not buy it, madam. I am about to telegraph to the police at Dullington, and you will please let me pass. My train will be here shortly, and I have no time to lose."

At the first step I made she drew a revolver and aimed it before her.

"If you stir, as God hears me, I shall fire, and there are, as you see, seven barrels," she said quietly.

"You certainly must let me go presently," I answered. "My train is nearly due."

"And your mother is dying at her home. I heard you say so in the cars last night. You love her—you would like to bid her farewell, and close her eyes with a last kiss. It shall only be on condition that you give me my shoe."

"I can pull the bell and summon help."

"Move a finger, if you dare."

"You killed that man last night."

"He had betrayed me. For years he deceived me with a promise of marriage, and he was about to marry another. God knows I never loved him more than when I thrust that dagger through and through his false heart."

I heard the hoarse scream of an approaching locomotive. My train!

"I implore you to let me go," I pleaded, clasping my hands. "My mother is at the point of death. If I lose this train there will be no other till this evening."

"Give me my shoe and promise not to expose me for two hours, and you may go," she answered with the same icy quietude.

O Heaven! think of my frenzy and agony! My brain reeled. Again the whistle sounded, answering the white signal to approach the crossing. I could hear the dull rumble of the engine coming up. I surrendered the shoe.

"You promise to give me two hours' chance for life?" she said.

"On my honor!"

She lowered the revolver and turned aside, and I hurried frantically from the room, still in my stockings, and in that unuress, unmindful of what people thought, I got aboard the train.

An hour afterwards I was, thanks to the fleet wings of the express, forty miles away and at my mother's bedside, none too soon.

"Mother, the secret—there is one," I whispered, bending over her thin and wasted face.

"Yes."

"It is about the property you have left me?"

"Yes."

"You fear someone will rise up after you are gone and contest the will? Someone whom I have never known?"

"Yes. Half my wealth I have never rightly owned," she gasped, striving for breath, while I held her head up from the damp pillow. "I had a sister—your aunt. Half was hers by your grandfather's will, but she has never claimed it. She was seduced from her happy home—ruined, made an outcast—and until now I have never mentioned to you her name. But she still lives. When I am gone she will appear and assert her rights. I could not die without telling you this secret, and certifying to the justness of her claim. Search under the pillow and you will find a miniature—her portrait."

I did so. The picture was there, and I held it to the light. It was the portrait of the woman I had talked with in the circus, of the woman whose shoe I had exchanged for mine in the train, of the woman who had faced me with a pistol that morning, and forced me to surrender the bloody evidence of her guilt; it was the unmistakable portrait of the murderess of the circus-rider George Elton!

"Mother, be at peace. This woman will never rise to trouble me or the estate, rest assured."

"My son, I know too well."

"You do not know what I know—that she is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes; dead to society and to the world forever."

My poor mother never understood me, and passed away in ignorance of her sister's dreadful crime. But I was right. My inheritance came to me in due course, and is still all mine, and no one will ever appear to claim a share. Until now I have never told who was the assassin of the unfortunate equestrian on that terrible night.

Though not a complete success, it cannot be termed a failure. It was interpreted by Clement Just as Pascal, M. Bouyer as Martin, and Mlle. Jean Marie as Camille.

"LE PHOQUE,"

a new three-act comedy by MM. Delacour and Hennequin, was produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, recently. The piece is far from amusing, and the plot, such as it is, may be thus described:

Malombre, a wealthy rubber manufacturer, has a great ambition to rub skirts with "society." Like Tom Moore, he "dearly loves a lord," and when, during a sojourn at a Norman watering place, he makes acquaintance with his two nieces, the Countess de Nailles, he has been attained. At first his advances towards intimacy have been coldly received, but before the season has closed Malombre has contrived to get himself on the best of terms with the Count and the lady whom he takes to be the "Countess." When he returns to Paris the ex-Tradesman has no notion of losing the prestige which this acquaintanceship seems to offer him of an entry into the saloons of the noble Faubourg, and he, therefore, hastens to visit his intimate of the seaside. But it so happens that the Count's companion in Normandy was not his wife, but a fashionable cocotte known by the sobriquet of Le Phoque. Malombre, when he goes to his friend's house, consequently mistakes the real Countess for the Count's mistress; whereupon he commits all sorts of blunders, and exposes the conduct of the faithless husband to the efficacy that a wail for assistance is instituted by the Countess. Meanwhile, Malombre's own wife, having been seen for a month in constant companionship with the "Phoque," whom she imagines to be the Countess, has so far compromised herself that she is made the object of a series of impertinent advances on the part of a crowd of petits crevés, who naturally enough take for granted that she is no better than she should be. Happily, the rupture between the Count and Countess is patched up by the contrition of the former, and as for Malombre, he vows that no one will ever catch him making aristocratic acquaintanceships again at the seaside.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

WITH THE MINSTRELS.

TO MY FRIEND HARVEY N. SLOCUM OF OAKLAND, CAL., BY JUDD BERTON.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Gentlemen, our friend Bones tells me he has a treat in store for us in the shape of a conundrum, and he wishes me to state that he offers as a prize for the first correct solution a bottle of ——

TAMBO *(interrupting)*.—Castor-oil.

BONES.—See here, smarty, don't you *cast yer* remarks in here too lively, or *I'll* crunch yer.

INT.—Here, here, gentlemen, you must cease this quarreling; for *as we toil* along through life let us endeavor *to all lire* as happily as possible.

TAMBO.—If it warn't fur Bones, Mr. Johnsing, I *cud live er royal* life of peace an' happiness; but——

INT. *(interrupting)*.—Gentlemen, Bones liberally offers a bottle of Dry Monopole to whichever of you gives the first correct answer.

TAMBO.—Yum, yum.

INT.—Bones, is the case correctly, Bones?

BONES.—Yes, sir; but I wish to remark to the students that they are not to write on their cuffs, whisper to each other, or refer to any newspaper.

INT.—I am sure the gentlemen will abide by these rules, so state your conundrum.

BONES.—What is the difference ——

TAMBO.—Where's the licker?

BONES *(gives Tam, a withering look)*.—What is the difference between—Are you all ready, gentlemen?

ALL.—Yes, yes. Go on.

BONES.—What is the only difference between a chicken-pie made of chicken limbs and the story that Mr. Johnsing returned $20 he found to the owner?

INT.—Bones, that's a most impious insinuation.

TAMBO.—Yes, sir; and no one but a *chicken*-hearted member of the *lower-crust* would attempt such a joke.

BONES *(after a pause)*.—Do you give it up? Time is *shortening*.

INT.—You wouldn't *play it* on these gentlemen that way, Bones? Give them time to *turnover* the question in their minds; and don't be *mincing* with the time.

BONES.—*Pitch* in, gentlemen.

INT. *(after a pause)*.—Well, gentlemen, do you give it up without even a guess?

ALL.—Yes.

INT.—And you, Tambo?

TAMBO.—Mr. Johnsing, I don't wish to guess at that question, but I can't help rising to express my feelings of contempt for a man who would give a conundrum containing one improbable and one impossible fact, as Bones has.

INT.—Yes, it is very improbable that anyone would make a chicken-pie of nothing but the legs.

TAMBO.—Yes, Mr. Johnsing; and quite as impossible is the case presented in the story you picked up to the owner, even if the loser was a starving widow with a drunken husband and fourteen children.

INT.—What! Tambo, I'm astonished! I will attend to you shortly. Now, Bones, what is the difference between a chicken pie made of chicken-legs and the story that I picked up twenty dollars and returned it to the owner?

BONES.—Well *(grins)*, one's a legged-pie and the other's a plagued lie.

TAMBO.—*Groans.*

INT.—Can such things be?

BONES.—Don't you see into it?

INT.—Yes, too well; and I only wonder that such wit as yours should go unrewarded. But, to be earnest, let me caution you never to bring such a concoction as that before us again. Sims Reeves will now relieve our minds by singing——

ESSIE DARLING.

WRITTEN BY WILL E. M'NULTY.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Essie, darling, will you miss me
When the twilight shadows fall?
Will you linger still to kiss me
Just outside your garden wall?
Have I yet your pure affection?
Is your heart still true to me?
Must I wander in dejection
With no word of love from thee?

Chorus.

Essie, darling, mine forever
Only say that you will be,
And no earthly power will sever
Us through all eternity.

Essie, darling, I must leave you,
I must wander far away;
Do not let the parting grieve you,
Watch for me both night and day;
Soon again I'll be returning
With bright hope across the sea,
Keep the lovelight brightly burning
Let your eyes my beacon be.

Chorus.

Essie, darling, mine forever
Only say that you will be,
And no earthly power will sever
Us through all eternity.

Essie, darling, will you miss me
When I'm gone my dear one's by?
Far away on the ocean's blue breast,
Where often in childhood's sweet hour I've played——
'Tis old Erin, the land I love best;
But dearer than all recollections to me
That come from afar o'er the foam
Is the thought of the form that in dreams I oft see——
'Tis my sweet little Kittie Malone.

Long years now have passed since her sweet face I saw,
And beheld in her beautiful eye
The tears as they rolled down her fair young cheeks
While her breast heaved the sad words good-bye;
But live in contentment, without care or strife,
With my sweet little Kittie Malone.

Chorus.

Essie, darling, mine forever
Only say that you will be,
And no earthly power will sever
Us through all eternity.

MY SWEET LITTLE KITTIE MALONE.

DEDICATED TO PAT ROONEY BY J. J. HOLLAND.

I am dreaming to-night of a beautiful isle,
Far away on the ocean's blue breast,
Where often in childhood's sweet hour I've played——
'Tis old Erin, the land I love best;
But dearer than all recollections to me
That come from afar o'er the foam
Is the thought of the form that in dreams I oft see——
'Tis my sweet little Kittie Malone.

Long years now have passed since her sweet face I saw,
And beheld in her beautiful eye
The tears as they rolled down her fair young cheeks
While her breast heaved the sad words good-bye;
But live in contentment, without care or strife,
With my sweet little Kittie Malone.

But to better my fortune I crossed the blue sea
In hopes that I might find a home,
Where in happiness, pleasure and peace I might dwell
With my sweet little Kittie Malone.

After earnestly toiling, I've now found a home
Where the soft winds are carolling free,
Where at eve I can list to the ocean's loud roar,
And rejoice in its stormiest glee.
I am waiting the day when I'll call her my bride,
Then no more through this world will I roam,
And in contentment, without care or strife,
With my sweet little Kittie Malone.

Chorus.

Essie, darling, mine forever
Only say that you will be,
And no earthly power will sever
Us through all eternity.

ELLEN TREE IN BOSTON, MASS., IN 1837.

G. P. F. of Boston contributes the bill of which a copy is appended. Ellen Tree, now Mrs. Charles Kean, is in retirement in England; John Gilbert is acting in this city; William Hield died in Hartford, Ct., June 6, 1877; J. E. Murdoch is in retirement in Cincinnati, O.; W. M. Leman is acting in San Francisco, Cal.; C. E. Muzzy died in Auburn, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1852; E. L. Davenport died in Canton, Pa., Sept. 1, 1877; D. Whiting is in temporary retirement in this city; Mrs. W. H. Curtis died in Boston, Dec. 4, 1869; Mrs. Richardson, now Mrs. Fisher, is in retirement; G. H. Andrews died in this city April 7, 1866; Mrs. Leman died some years ago; Mrs. Eberle, we think, is living, but in retirement. This was Ellen Tree's first engagement in Boston, which began Feb. 20, 1837, and terminated March 27. The bill records the first performance of "Ion" in Boston, Mass. As it may prove of interest to theatre-goers of the present day to know the receipts of the house during the engagement of this celebrated actress, we give them: Feb. 20, "The Hunchback," $753.25; 21, "As You Like It," $521: 22, "The Wife," $790; 23, "Belle's Stratagem," $680.25; 24, "The Hunchback," $674.25; 27, "The Wonder," $759.75; 28, "Romeo and Juliet," $451.50; March 1, "As You Like It" and "The Ransom," $648.25; 2, "The School for Scandal" and "The Ransom," $667.25; 3 (benefit), "Provoked Husband" and "Perfection," $730.75; 6, "Wrecker's Daughter," $794.75; 7, "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Perfection," "Wrecker's Daughter," $594; 8, "Wrecker's Daughter," $500.75; 9, "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Perfection," "Wrecker's Daughter," $594; 8, "Wrecker's Daughter," $500.75; 10, "The Wonder" and "The Ransom," $528; 13, "Twelfth Night" and "Youthful Queen," $656.25; 14, "The Wife" and "Youthful Queen," $612.50; 15, "Ion" and "Swiss Cottage," $722.50; 16, repetition of same bill, $688.25; 17 (benefit), "Honeymoon" and "A Roland for an Oliver," $858.50; 20, "Ion," $506.50; 21, "Twelfth Night" and "Youthful Queen," $601.25; 22, "Belle's Stratagem" and "The Ransom," $627.50; 23, "Provoked Husband" and "Perfection," $487.50; 24, "Honeymoon" and "The Ransom," $754.25; 27 (benefit), "The Hunchback" and "Youthful Queen," $1,003.

Ctesiphon	Noble Argive	Munzy
Cassander	youths	Davenport
Agenor		Mr. Whiting
Cleon	Sages of Argos	Curtis
Timocles		Richardson
Irus, a boy, Slave of Agenor		Master Mestayer
Clemantha, Medon's daughter		Mrs. Richardson
Clia, her attendant		Miss Bartlett

In the course of the opera the following pieces of music: Chorus—"Nats Has Got the Letter." Song—"Banks of the Blue Moselle," Richardson. Song—"Liberty for Me." Mrs. Richardson. Song and Chorus—"He Who Wears a Regimental Suit." Mr. Whiting and chorus. Finale—"Since I Seem." Mr. Richardson and chorus.

To conclude with the new comic opera of

THE SWISS COTTAGE, OR WHY DON'T SHE MARRY?

The words by Thomas Morton and Mr. Bayley; music by Adam.

Natz Tisch	Mr. Andrews	Louise	Mrs. Leman
Private Bronze	Whiting	Pauline	Miss Bearman
with a new song		Marie	Miss Williams
Rodolphe	Richardson		"Oh, Vive l'Amour"
Corporal Max	Mr. Leman	Janette	Mrs. Eberle
Soldiers	Messrs. Anderton, Curtis, Addams and Benson		
LISETTE GERSTINE			MRS. RICHARDSON

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES IN EUROPE.

"BLIND HEARTS"

is the name of a new play by Charles Collins, a local dramatist, and first acted at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 17. The story is: The curtain rises in the first act upon a blacksmith's shop, of which Paul Berkeley is the proprietor. Paul—who is a man of education above the ordinary blacksmith—has a protegee named Madeline, whom he has taught and loved with the affection of a father. The girl, however, becomes discontented, and ultimately takes a favorable opportunity of escaping from the dull surroundings of the smithy. It happens that the carriage of Lord Linger breaks down, and his lordship and his companion await the arrival of another conveyance in the smith's shop. While there Madeline and her benefactor meet, at first sight is the result, his lordship being so enamored of the girl that he there and then proposes an elopement. This, however, Madeline declines, pleading that his lordship's love is but a half-hour old. After his lordship has left she is questioned by Berkeley, who asks her to marry him. This she refuses to do, and in the course of a discussion which follows, she makes no secret of the fact that a shadow of Lord Linger's presence with this acquaintanceship seems to offer him of an entry into the saloons of the noble Faubourg, and he, therefore, hastens to visit his intimate of the seaside. But it so happens that the Count's companion in Normandy was not his wife, but a fashionable cocotte known by the sobriquet of Le Phoque. Malombre, when he goes to his friend's house, consequently mistakes the real Countess for the Count's mistress; whereupon he commits all sorts of blunders, and exposes the conduct of the faithless husband to the efficacy that a wail for assistance is instituted by the Countess. Meanwhile, Malombre's own wife, having been seen for a month in constant companionship with the "Phoque," whom she imagines to be the Countess, has so far compromised herself that she is made the object of a series of impertinent advances on the part of a crowd of petits crevés, who naturally enough take for granted that she is no better than she should be. Happily, the rupture between the Count and Countess is patched up by the contrition of the former, and as for Malombre, he vows that no one will ever catch him making aristocratic acquaintanceships again at the seaside.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER.

The thoughtless observer may jump at the conclusion that the accompanying figure represents Santa Claus, enjoying himself after his annual round of visits. This, however, would be a serious mistake. It is not Santa Claus whom you behold, but the Ghost of Hamlet's father partaking of his New Year's cheer—and beer. Possibly it may seem a very unghostly occupation to be engaged in, but it should be remembered that Hamlet's father has a pretty hard time of it generally, and when he does get an hour's freedom he makes the most of it. We have his own words to the effect that he is

"Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confined to fast in fire."

This long-continued fasting makes him hungry and thirsty. He therefore seizes the present opportunity to indulge in a schooner of beer, which, no doubt, he finds exceedingly refreshing. Accustomed, as he is, to a climate of high temperature, the Ghost feels the need of an ulster and heavy cap when he steps out into the atmosphere of the earth. As to his pipe, the only explanation which presents itself is this: He has so long been surrounded by smoke that he fears, perhaps, should he separate himself from it entirely, the effect would be injurious upon his health; and he therefore takes his pipe along with him to keep warm the memories of his prison-house. There is nothing surprising in the fact that he should prefer to smoke tobacco instead of sulphur, albeit the fumes of the latter are the more familiar to his nostrils. If it be in keeping with etiquette, we would respectfully wish this robust and sensible ghost a Happy New Year and an early removal to cooler climes.

"TOBY," OR NOT "TOBY."

DHER VON-EYED ORGAN-GRINDER,
Or My Katrina's Run Avhay.

TO MY OLD FRIEND HARRY VANDEMARK.

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH G. WOOD (DHER "GERMAN" AMBASSADOR).

Dhere vas a "vone-eyed organ-grinder" used to gome indo my shop,
Und drink a gupple "schooners" of mein lager every day;
He used to gome in oddener vhen my vife she dhended bar,
Und dhen I somedimes used to dhink he'd nefer go avhay.

My gustomers dhey aagk me now: "Vhad magkes you iaagk so sad?"
My friends dhey somedimes aagk me doo: "Vhad darned your hair so cray?"
I'll dell you all dher reason vhy I often feel so pad,
Dher secred of id is—my Katrina's run avhay!

Spoken.—Und so:

Chorus.—I mourn for dher loss of my Katrina—
Is dhere anypody here vhad's seen her?
I'd gife a good deal if I gould find her,
I'd ged a ghance to holiah off dot organ-grinder.

I'se often vondered vhy Katrina shoogk me in dot schoty,
I gannod magke dher reason oud, dhough often hard I dry;
If dher feller vas good-looking, dher dhought vould magke me spy,
But a "vone-eyed organ-grinder"—dot almost magkes me cry.

Id nearly chokes me now to ead dher sauer-kraut she magke;
I can'd drink more as dwendy or dhirdy "schooners" now a day;
I'se grown "dhin as a madch," doo, dhough all my friends hafe said
I ought to "dance mid joy" on 'ground Katrina's run avhay.

Spoken.—A man neffer knows how many friendts (?) he's god dill he gets in drupple—specially if he keeps a bier-saloon. My friendts always symnadhise mit me dher mosd vood spood dher dime I dap a fresh keg of bier: "Dhere's no use shilling oier gried milk, Fritz," said vone of my friendts laad veek. "Dot's so," I redlied; "bud vhen I lood my vife, I lood vone of dher beed gooks in dher goundry. She gould gook a goose pedder as any vooman in dis gountry." "I'm no doubt of dot," he said; "she 'gooked your goose' anyhow!" "Yes," I answered; "you see, she knew I vas a 'goose' vhen I married her, and dherefore she gafe me dher benefit of a granit roast! Still, for all dot,"

Chorus.—I mourn for dher loss of my Katrina, etc.

Berhaps you dhink dot my Katrina is some "fairy-elf,"
Mit a figure like a "Venus," or something vooet as fine;
Bud if you dhink such dhoughts like dose, bray don't you fool yourself,
For she gan durn dher scale ad dree hundred ciery dime.
She'll gome a-valdzing back some day, und find id is too late
Dhere's blenty of pedder fish as her a-valding to pe caught—
Dhey'll pide yoood ligke dher dell if you'fe only ood dher baid—
Bud I won'd go fishing soon, you baed, for a lesson I'fe peen taught.

Spoken.—A man don'd sit somedimes so near a red-hot stofe after he gets burndt vonce! I'fe made uh my mind nod to drust a woman again. Even in my plasdess dhey chead me. If I drused a man to pier, he chevorally bays me; if I drused a woman, I neffer see her again—dot's a tact! Last night I vas delling a new gustomer of mine apout my vife running avhay. "Vhell," he saked, "who is dhis feller—vhad plasdess does he marke?" "Vhy," I redlied, "he is a vone-eyed organ grinder." "Ha! ha!" he laaghed, "I neffer saw one such an insdrument like dot pefore!" "Ligke vhad?" I shouded, for I vas madt. "Vhy," he said, almosd ghoksing himself, "a *vone-eyed organ*!" "Young feller," I redlied, "you'll too funny to liff any longer!" So I gvickly killed him mit my beaksdarder, und dhrew his body down in dher bier-vault! So id goes; vone druppie leads to anodher. I seldoms dher nexd dhing I'll kill myself; und dhen I von'd hafe to say anymore:

Chorus.—I mourn for dher loss of my Katrina, etc.

THE "FANNYELISLERMANIAPHOBIA"

"The divine Fanny Elsler," now residing in Germany, came to America nearly thirty-eight years ago. During her first year here everything was Elslerized. The ladies wore Elsler gaiters and Elsler bonnets, households ate Elsler bread and bibulous men digested

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 7.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucille
Bishop, Mrs. (of Merry Bushrps)
Bradley, Leanora
Beaumont, Stella
Bennett, Mrs. Julia
Bladdell, Mrs. Julia F.
Bonsell, Louise
Burke, Mrs. J. M.
Brennan, Emma
BeaumontNellie(2)
Byron, Lizzie
Baker, Mrs. T. F.
Booker or Banker, Carrie
Baker, Frankie T.
Banks, Ella
Coleman, Alice, (with SergerFam.
Delano, Elma
Davenport, Fannie (2)
Dayton, Augusta L.
Durell, Barrie (2)
Desmond, "Vic"
Denton, Annie
Elmore, Annie (actress)
Emmons, Julia
Emerson, Dollie
Eastman, Lillie
Eagle, Minnie (variety "biz")
Farran, Josie
Francis, Jennie (vocalist)
Fox, Annie J.
Florence, Mrs Minnie
Granger, Maude
Garr'on, Virginia
Gates, Mrs. (2)
Griffiths, Laura
Godfrey, Mattie A. (2)
Goodall, Rose
Howard, Miss J. L. (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Harding, Mrs. Rosa (2)
Hezlep, Grace
Howard, Adah M.
Hice, Mrs. Emma
Idaletta & Wallace (2)
Irving, Edith (vocalist)
Jackson, Minnie
Kulloge, Alice (of Berger's H. M.)
Leigh, Constance
Lucile, Fannie
Little Lottie
La Verde, Belle
Marretta, Millie
McClain, Mrs. C. H.
Mojeska, Madam
Morris, Ciara
McAllister, Phosa
Miranda Sisters
Menzell, Miss. (of How Ath., Boston)
McDavell, Kate (of Rice & Evang. Co.)
Norwood, MarianL.
Oakden, Gertrude
Parker, Mrs. dennet
Proctor, Agnes
Pearle, Mabel
Rosalind, Minnie
Ransom, Alice
Richmond Sisters
Newman, Alice
O'Dale, Mrs. Marie
Robeson, Erba
Raymond, Irene
Stanley, Charlotte M.
Stratton, Florence
Stone, Mrs. Emma
Stone, Amy
Sylivanna, Corra
Saville, Tillie
Sydney, Frankie
Stanley, Mabel
Swain, Mrs Sam
Sharr, Dora
Turnour, Jennie
Thompson, Charlotte
Whitney, Mrs. Fannie
Warren, Jennie (statue "biz")
Winnett, Mrs. Thos.
Webber, Letha (vocalist)
Wallace Sisters
Wilson, Julia (of D. Thompson's Co.)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adair, Paul H.
Alleyne, (E. T. J.
Aaron, Chas.
Allerup, P. S.
Amoun, Andy
Bryn, J. (Agent for Mr. Dampier)
Bowers, Harry F.
Bisbee, Frank
Bloodgood, Harry
Berger, Fred. G. 16
Bindley, Prof.
Burke, John M. ("Bubbles Jr.")
Bell, Frank
Barlow, Primrose & Co.
Barnum, P. T.
Butler, Chas. W. (2)
Bird, Geo. (of Tompleton's Co.)
Burk, J. M. (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Booth, Geo
Bailey, J. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.)
Burton, C. (of Burton & Kelly)
Baylis, Sam
Barton, H. L. (Dutch "biz")
Burton & Kennedy
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Wade)
Bennett, Harry
Burke, J. M. (Irish comedian)
Bishop, Jas. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Barry, John (song and dancer)
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Co.) 4c.
Blandowski, Mr. (ballet master)
Bronson, G. (manager)
Brennan & Col. Liable, The
Bowron, W. L.
Beard, J. W. (musician)
Clark, John (show "biz")
Cooper, M.
Cunningham, Frank
Chappelle, W. J. (2)
Clodoche Troupe
Cotton, Ben A.
Cooke, Joe (stage manager)
Collins, J. (of Collins & Wren)
Cohan, Tim (of Harrigan & Hiber.)
Clayton, F. (of Clayton & Weston)
Clifton, Frank (gymnast)
Clements, Louis (2)
Cooke, De Witt
Chapman, J. C.
Cronin, J. (of Tierney & Cronin)
Carlisle & Caverley (2)
Collins, Jas. (of Howard Ath. Boston)
Cilley, Frank B.
Cole, W. W. (2)
Clifton, F. (of Clifton & Forsaugh)
Carroll, M. F.
Calver, C. F.
Crane, Wm.
Cummings, Mr. (of Cumm. & Hines)
Cressville, J. A.
Cesears, J. (of Concers & Coleman)
Crane, Chuck
Conklin, Pete
Crossley & Elder
Crossley, W. E.
Dumont, Frank
Dupree, Chas. H.
Dalton, Jas.
Dagwell, F. (of Pastor's Circus)
Donaldson, Walter
Durand, W. W.
Duffield, H. S. 18c.
Dunbar, L. (of Barnum's Circus)
Delehanty, W. H. (Dan'l. Rouse)
Delano, Jeps (2)
Earle, E. T. (song and dance)
Everett, Geo.
Emery, D. B. (cornetist)
Fabra, Sig.
Fielding, H. (of T. Pastor's Co.)
Francis, Sig. (jug act)
Frazer, Frank
Fox, J. D.
Freuse, A.
Friedley, J.
Fielding, H. (Harry & Clara)
Fostelle, Chas.
Fowler, W. W.
Frank, Tony (of Forepaugh & Cir.)
Forepaugh, Adam
Guy Family, The
Grayson, Mark
Green, J. (of Green & Taylor)
Guy, Sr., Geo. (2)
Graves, C. L.
Griste, C. B.
Gorman, Eugene F.
Gaylord, A. E.
Goodyear, C. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Good, A. D. (of Cole's Circus)
Gil, Willie
Holmes, Harry
Hall, G. F.
Hill, R. S.
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Howe, F. (of Mayo's Co.)
Hengler, T. M.
Howarth, M. H.
Holmes, E. B.
Hall, Alfred
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hinds, Burr Rosenbaum, E. (manager)
Rudolph, Carl (mimic, "biz")
Robbins' Band Leader, Burr
Raynor, John (Irish "biz")
Russell & Wilson
Robinson, Geo. (of Routnon's Minx.)
Rich, Mr. (of Hanson & Rich)
Robinson, J. C. (musician)
Raymond & Murphy
Roy, Wm.
Ross, D. O.
Stowe, W. (of Park Theatre, Brooklyn)
Swain, Sam (2)
Sutton, C. W.
Symbol
Stanley, W. 6c.
Smith, W. A. T. (2)
Sullivan, J. (of Bloodgood's Minx.)
Shipler, Harry
Searles Bros.
Swonsbourne, Chas.
Steele, Geo. (agent)
Searle, C. J. (of Dupree & Ben. Minx.)
Smith, J. (of Slavin's Co.)
Sands, Dick (of Kelly & Sands)
Shortis, F. C.
Stowe, Will H.
Sheridan, J. J. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Salraina, W. P. (3)
Singer, Wilton
Smith' Bell-Ringers, Manager
Stone, D. W. (circus prop.)(2)
Stone, H. (of Amy Stone's Co.)
Slavin, J. H.
Stansell, Geo. W.
Sautell, Sig.
Sells Bros.
Stephens, H. A.
Skerrick, Mark
Sanford, J. W.
Shaw, Gus
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Stanley, C. H.
Schneider, C. H.
Scanlan & Cronin
Simmons, Slocum & Sweatnam
Shelby, J. F.
Torchiana, Jr., Harry
Templeton, John
Toole, Col. T. R.
Tierney & Cronin
Tucker, J. A.
Ferry, Wm.
Thompson, Jno. (of Frankfort, Ky.)
Trimmer, John
Vanderbilt, Frank
Van Wormer, Mr. (of Herndon's Co.)
Victor, Prof.
Voos, A. E. (2)
Van Amburgh, Mr. (circus prop.)
Varcoe, Chas.
Villa, Sam B.
Winter, Jos. P.
Webb, Albert
Williamson, C. J. (clunge artist)
Waite, Jas. R.
Wallace, Gus
White, Fred
Worden & Mack
Worden, R. (of T. Pastor's Co.)
Welch, Fayette
Watson, Ned
Wood, Frank (comedian)
Washburn, E. S.
Withers, Jos. (of Hanson & Rich)

Moses sent to guide the impecunious manager out of the unproductive wilderness! Let the dear brother Kimball give this subject his early attention, and we shall ever pray, etc.....Utica *ought* to be pent up. *Why?* See here, now. What do you think of a people who would offer Edwin Booth twenty dollars and victuals to play Hamlet for them? *That's* why we insist that Utica *ought* to be pent up.....One of our associates was robbed of *two hundred dollars* and a *gold* watch and chain just as the old year went out and the new year came in—the thief and the new year coming in together, as it were. We are pleased to record this fact, because it will show to the outside world how well paid are the members of THE CLIPPER staff. Any newspaper man who can show a surplus of two hundred dollars and a gold watch, clear of all incumbrances, and that, too, at the close of the year, is *rich*. And we feel a just pride in recording the theft, and in acknowledging the victim as one of THE CLIPPER corps. *Two* hundred dollars!.....George is coming with a rush. He next appears at Steinway Hall in scenes from Shakespeare. We admire the Count for his truly democratic principles and impartiality. Fresh from his triumphs among the gods of the Bowery, he is not too proud to give the bloated aristocrats of Fourteenth street a touch of his inimitable style. It is probable that the worthy Doctor Landis, emulating the good example of the Count, may also favor the bloated ones with one of *his* unapproachable entertainments.....The cat-show ended last Saturday, and we are grieved to say that the first prize, two hundred and fifty dollars, was awarded to a *Cincinnati* cat! Now, if this had been a *hog*-show, and the best prize given to that city, we should have been satisfied that the award was justly made, and of right could not have been made to any other city; but we never knew that Perkopolis took stock in cats. If it is not asking too much, we should like to have a fresh count, and have the jury polled. Cincinnati is becoming a trifle *too* avaricious. It's not the money we care for, but it's the principle of the thing. Against our own better judgment, we went around to the show one day last week. There we found it in full blast—"blast" is an excellent word to use in this connection—and we stood meditatively listening to the chorus for more than an hour. You may not believe it, but it is nevertheless a solemn fact, that out of the strange noises we were able to detect here and there a word, until, by patience, we recognized the following:

WHAT THE CATS SAID.

We're feel—feel—feline good
As any one's town;
In the cat—cat—catalogue,
You'll find our names set down.
Though we're cat—cat—cat—scattered here,
We're doing as we choose,
And our pur—pur—purpose is
To amew—new—muse!

.....It took away our appetite when we saw the announcement that "Ne'er Do Well" is underlined at one of our city theatres—one of the old, legitimate houses, too. Temporary misfortune can be endured, but when it comes to writing down "Ne'er Do Well" what are we to expect? Failure, rehypothecation and all the rest!..... Talk about the success of American prima-donnas—look at Miss Litta! She "did to Be," Mr. Mallory enraptured the French capital—Litta-ally walked away with all the honors that are to be had. [This is a trifle ill-Littarate, we confess, but we don't care to be too complimentary for fear of Litta-gation.].....Our own corpulent, contemporaneous and sympathetic associate, he of observe, gone into the lexicographer's business. [No, James, that is *not* profanity. The word, to be sure, is beyond your depth, but for all that it is not profane.] Mr. Pastor's lexicographical efforts have been confined, thus far, to defining a comedy, which is the subject of one of his latest songs. We implicitly assume that the word has never been properly defined in the past—but how is it in the Pastor?.....Now and then it is refreshing to have something so execrably bad, so unmistakably "snide," if we may be permitted the expression, that everybody shall agree to condemn it—and Mr. Pastor may be what we got in the fairy spectacle last week at Booth's. The one performance given proved quite enough—perhaps a little too much for those who were present. It was too weak to run through the week, was "Sulu." Selah! .....And talking about Booth, Edwin himself is announced to appear at that house to-night in "Richard III." We shall watch this latest Shakespearian revival with deep interest. Our own belief is that it will prove—well, we will complete the prediction after the engagement has been fulfilled.....Why should we deny that there is rest for the weary, when Dr. Collyer has just risen again? Yes, we are sure that he has not lost his savor—quite sure. If the salt has lost its savor—you know the rest; and if the salt-Sellers have lost *their* savor—but we really did not mean to get off on any such strain as that. No; we simply desired to say that Mr. Mayo has returned to the metropolis, very wisely takes his millions in it first, and leaves his "Risks" until a later day.....We cannot drop this subject of the Park Theatre without a reference to Sothern's long engagement, which, you know, came to an end on Saturday night. And we shall be forgiven, we hope, if we put the reference into verse:

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Or whom we shall next meet—
We bid adieu, and sigh to think
Dundreary's not done dreary;
And whether East or West you go,
Wherever men shall meet,
Though in the frigid Northern clime,
With Sothern warmth they'll greet you!

.....You may tell it to Gath, and publish it in the sheets as you ask a loan (Pretty conceit), that the annual ball of the Elks is to take place at the Academy of Music on Valentine night, Feb. 14. We predict a scruncher.....Well, there's been a cry for American plays, and we've "*Won at Last*," but it might just as well have been *lost at first*......"Our Jim" thinks it O. K. (*correct*) that *holly* should be used on *holidays!* K. (*correct*) that Charles Fechter may be seen in "No Thoroughfare" at the Broadway Theatre. In the meantime, should a real old-fashioned snow storm set in, no thoroughfare may be found in the streets of New York, notwithstanding several hundred carts and the horsemen thereof are waiting, like General Jackson of old, to remove the deposits. This is a bitter fling at somebody or other.]..... He waltzed twelve hours, and drank only beer tea. We propose to immortalize him in verse:

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.....Our Jim" persists in saying that they have gone into the damaged-fruit business at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, because it is run by Palmer. "The Unhappy *Poor*."....At regular intervals we have noticed, going the rounds of the press, an alphabet arranged to suit some peculiar occupation or profession, and made more enduring by rhyme. We have had political alphabets, scientific alphabets and nonsense alphabets; but to the best of our knowledge we have been no theatrical alphabet. This deficiency we have thought it well to supply, and so we present you with

THE THEATRICAL ALPHABET.

A stands for actor, about whom we sing;
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J is the judgment that's passed on a play;
K is for "kid"—the actor to be;
L is for leading man, gorgeous and tee;
M is the mirror that's used to reflect
N, which is nature, held up to inspect;
O is the orchestra rising away;
P is for properties, prompter and play;
Q is for quarrel—we've had not a few;
R is for run and the critic's review;
S is for stage, for scene and stage;
T is for tragedy stalking in rage;
U for utility, also for usher;
V for variety—that is the crusher;
W stands for the wings of the night;
X is for xit—left, centre, or right;
Y is for youth, for which actresses pine;
Z is the zodiac where the stars shine.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

John Bonner, senior member of the firm whose collapse caused a flutter in Wall street on New Year's eve, is connected by marriage with Lester Wallack, and is no stranger in theatrical circles, having been especially zealous in behalf of Augustin Daly and the French plays produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. His partner was his brother-in-law, Arthur L. Sewell, who six years ago married Flora, daughter of John Lester Wallack. Among those who had had financial dealings with this luckless firm are H. J. Montague and the nephew of the late N. B. Clarke..... The manly art of assault and defense is being cultivated among the profession. On Dec. 20, in Rochester, N. Y., George S. Knight tapped the os-frontis of J. W. Fox, a member of the Opera-house company, that city. The law then interposed its majesty. Knight's combination had just closed at the Opera-house, and in entering the railroad depot to depart from Rochester, he met Fox, and the latter was coming out of the depot. One of the sisters is the wife of Mr. Knight, who, upon learning of the collision, left the next train for Corinthian Tom in Corinthian Hall. McKee Rankin and Harry Meredith were not present.....In this city, on Dec. 19, in deciding the case of Mongan against Mongan in the suit for absolute divorce brought by Emma Elizabeth Arnott against Edward Job Arnott, both formerly of Wallack's Theatre, Judge Sedgwick remarked: "In order to make out a libel, it is necessary to express an opinion as to the merits or the controversy; but on the facts presented as to the ceremony testified to by plaintiff, I must express my discretion by declining the present application."....Mapleson's recent season of opera at cheap prices at Her Majesty's, London, is reputed to have yielded him a profit of £5,000. Hence cheap opera in Italian at that house, and in English at the Adelphi, is prophesied for February next.....And now the Philadelphia managers threaten to bless that city with cheap prices.....Poor Boucicault has for years wholly disappeared should not be produced until after his death. It is thought that he will spend a good deal of his time in Europe. Victorien Sardou has a new piece, which he will read to the company at the Comédie Française, but will not himself appear in it. Victoria-Lafontaine has been specially engaged for one of the leading parts.....A new opera, "Gilles de Bretagne," by Henri Kowalski, has been brought out at the Théâtre Lyrique, and is praised and blamed by turns—blamed oftener than praised.....Mme. Durand has made a moderately successful début at the Italian Opera, Paris.....George Clarke and wife arrived here Jan. 6 in steamer Britannic from Liverpool.....Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, now of the Oates Troupe, was with them in St. Louis last week. N. B. Loudon, long ago of the managerial firm of which the senior Sol Smith was the junior partner, learning of Mrs. Maeder's presence in St. Louis, of which city he is a resident, called upon her at her hotel. The twain conjointly represent nearly one hundred and sixty years of well-spent life. It was about forty-five years ago that Mrs. Maeder, now nearly seventy, played in Hollow & Smith's St. Louis Theatre. Until last week she and the nonagenarian Loudon had not seen each other in forty-three years. Their mutual surprise at meeting, hand in hand, shaking, formed a touching picture, and one that must have been edifying to those younger members of the profession who witnessed it. By the way, we have long been awaiting with no little anxiety the publication of Mr. Ludlow's promised book upon the Southern stage, of whose history he is, by virtue of both his great age and his past offices, the true custodian.....Mr. Ludlow is in doubt whether John Hollingshead or French & Son have the right to D'Ennery's "Une Cause Celebre." Both claim its proprietorship in the English language.....Miss Katie Barry, who with Mr. Bell of the L. F. Barrett Combination were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Tannehill in this city on Jan. 6, and that night left for Washington, D. C., was a devoted and unfaltering follower of the Murphy banner, was in this city last week, and joins the Bignold Combination for their Eastern tour.....Miss Katie Bell of the Bowery Theatre was on New-Year's day presented by Mr. Robbins, her manager, with an elegant diamond ring in appreciation of her fine rendition of the blind girl Louise in "The Two Orphans," which, largely because of her efforts, has a phenomenal run.....Mrs. F. A. Tannehill, now in "The Shaughraun" at the Grand Opera-house, this city, has had several offers of opportunities to appear as a lecturer on temperance; and before long she thinks she will break her piece. It is pertinent here to record that the lady's husband has made a favorable impression at Niblo's Garden as Carlisle in "Lost in London," Mr. Tannehill's acting in the role of "Widow Machree" reminds us that it is not generally known that the "Widow," which was Collins, thought he could play Lagadere in "The Duke's Motto," and endeavored to take the place at Niblo's of the late Wm. Wheatley.

CITY SUMMARY.

STANDING-ROOM ONLY was displayed in the vestibule of the Grand Opera-house nightly last week, and many persons were turned from the doors for the lack of accommodation. Between the acts a long line of gentlemen were noticed waiting their opportunities to purchase seats for future performances, at the box-office. Dion Boucicault began an engagement Dec. 31, 1877, acting Conn in "The Shaughraun," which was produced with freshly-painted scenery by J. S. Schell and assistants, which deserves warm praise (the effect of the ruins on the Bridge of Athlone by being especially beautiful), and mechanical effects by John C. Denham and staff, whose skill became apparent during the working of the gate-tower scene. Conn, to use the language of compositors, fiendish and otherwise, is a very "fat" part. Mr. Boucicault as the actor has assigned Mr. Barrington as the author many of the most effective situations in the drama, and has compressed into his dialogue all of its fun, wit and humor. The impersonation of the vagabond Irishman, who is the central figure around which all the others revolve, was very naturally and effectively presented by Mr. Barrington. Harry Dalton gave a fair representation of Captain Molineux, although he may be charged with imitating—possibly unconsciously—the original impersonator of the character. J. A. Kennedy deserves praise for a conscientious and unaffected delineation of Robert Ffolliott. The comedy, which is the natural outcome of the genius of Ben Maginley, the well-known low comedian, were admirably fitted to the character of Father Dolan, and his acting, considering that it was far removed from his customary line, deserves warm praise. Alex. Fitzgerald has seldom been seen to better advantage than as Corporal Kinchella. Edward Lamb, always conscientious in the discharge of his professional duties, gave the disagreeable role of Harvey Duff, a police-agent, an effective impersonation. John Mathews deserves a meed of praise for his capital acting of the comedy part of Sergeant Jones. Miss Katharine Rogers' artistic abilities were not heavily taxed as Claire Ffolliott, but her acting was intelligent and natural. Miss Lizzie Kelsey gave a fair portrayal of Arte O'Neale. Mrs. Farren created considerable amusement by her eccentricities in depicting the character of Mrs. O'Kelly. Conn's pet heifer, Miss Lizzie McCall's Moya was a praiseworthy effort, and the Keeners—Bridget Madigan and Nancy Malone—were well acted by Mrs. F. A. Tannehill and Miss Curtis.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE the attendance was liberal last week, the company having been reinforced by Hooley and Thompson, Josephine Shandley, Ferguson and Mack, Frank Jones, Charles S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers and Emma Bretto. The Ethiopian songs-and-dances of Hooley and Thompson were deservedly received with marked approbation. Miss Josephine Shandley's abilities as a vocalist were enhanced by her personal attractions, she having a pleasing face and a well-modulated voice. Ferguson and Mack, who reappeared after a short absence, renewed their former success by their clever performance of an act entitled "Men of Education and the Irish Rivals," in which they introduced some difficult acrobatic feats. Frank Jones displayed his musical skill by performing upon a variety of instruments as well as to elicit fervid applause. Correct imitations of well-known artists—some of whom have gone to a brighter sphere—by Charles S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, summoned the originals before the mental vision. These included the late Edwin Adams, Lotta, Adah Isaacs Menken, Robson as Captain Crosstree, the late J. W. Wallack Jr. as Fagin, Miss Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans," and Mlle. Aimee in the song-and-dance "Pretty as a Picture." The serio-comic songs of Miss Emma Bretto met with their accustomed favor. The programme also included a sketch in the Arabian Nights, entitled "Make Me Under the Chin;" the three Mette Brothers in acrobatic feats; R. M. Carroll and sons in their specialty entitled "Carroll's Masquerade;" Little Todd's acrobatic and equilibristic feats; songs-and-dances by Little Rosebud; and Harrigan and Hart and others in the sketch of "Sullivan's Christmas."

"SCLA" was produced at Booth's Theatre Dec. 31, in the presence of a large audience. It did not meet with the success expected; and owing to dissension among several members of the company, and other causes, it was withdrawn after that night, and the theatre remained closed the rest of the week.

FIFTH-AVENUE HALL was well filled last week to witness Robert Heller's amusing feats of magic and skillful piano-playing, and Miss Heller's wonderful second-sight seance. No change occurred in the programme.

THE HARLEM MUSIC HALL, Harlem, is to be altered into a variety theatre, and will be known as the New Gayety.

CHARLES FECHTER, at the Broadway Theatre, continued his admirable and thoroughly-artistic impersonation of Ruddigore during the past week to average good business.

AT THE AMERICAN Harry Miner promises his patrons this week as fresh attractions Murphy and Shannon, the Gabriolles, five in number, Shed Le Clair, Ed. and Ida Gardner, Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair, Banker and Mills, Nellie Stowe, Hattie Mayne, the Mette Brothers, Bryant and West, and Bertha Rowe.

THE PEOPLE'S OPERA HOUSE at the Volks' Garden are the Boissetts, Mme. Rosita, Sam Norman, Fieldings, Williams and McCarthy, Fred D. Harris, Dave Oaks, Gussie Leach, Lottie Lapoint, Florence Wells, Lucy Adams, Guy Linton, Sig. Chas. Constantine. Conners and Kelly, the Grinnells, Billy Bulkley, Carvella Bros., Gussie Viola and Mlle. Zoe and dogs closed Monday.

THE ATTRACTIONS at Egyptian Hall during the present week include Geo. Atkins, Ada Freeman, Harry Armstrong, Joe Buckley, Harry Lawton, Tommy Adams, Lillie Raymond, Kittie Allyne, Stella Hughes, Bella Winters, Emma Dubois, Lillie Florence, Ada Fowler and ballet troupe. The burlesque of "Temptation" is on for one week only, to be followed by "The Three Muskot-Dears" and a burlesque on "The Three Guardsmen."

E. W. WIGGINS, circus manager, of Detroit, Mich., is in the city, looking for attractions for the coming season. He will be a guest of Manager Davis of Egyptian Hall during his sojourn.

AT COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE on New-Year's Night, the stellar attraction, Belle Berry, was presented with a handsome pair of diamond earrings as a token of esteem. There has been a continuance of good business at this house, with the attractions offered, and they will remain, without change, for the remainder of this present week.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE Mr. Watkins' Irish drama, entitled "Trodden Down," formed the attraction during the expired week, drawing a fair attendance. Harry Watkins acted Fergus McCarthy and the Ehreonach in a natural and impressive manner; Rose Watkins was all that could be desired as Mary McCarthy and Blanche Desmond. Her singing voice has lost none of its sweetness and power, and the enthusiasm evoked by her correct and artistic rendering of several ballads was a deserved compliment to the lady's abilities. Miss Amy Lee, although quite young in years and in stage experience, is an accomplished vocalist, and her acting of Nelly Friery was praiseworthy and indicative of future success. The support by the company was, as a whole, satisfactory. The same bill will be presented this week.

THIS WILL BE THE LAST WEEK of "Monte Cristo" at the Broadway Theatre, as Mr. Fechter is billed to act Obenreizer in "No Thoroughfare," commencing Jan. 14.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Manager Hanley announces, as fresh attractions for the current week, Pat Rooney, Will. H. Morton, Johnny Patterson, Charles Diamond, Harry Bryant, J. F. Sheridan, Eugene Bliza, the Gorman Brothers, and Dick Sands.

THE FARCE of "An Unhappy Pair" is to be given with "Adrienne Lecouvreur" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre every night this week, save on Friday, when Mme. Modjeska will act Juliet in the balcony scene at the matinée. On Saturday next, Feb. 2, will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday by a banquet on Feb. 19.....Signor Rosnati, the fresh European tenor we were to have had here in conjunction with Marie Rose, is likelier than not—not to come.....Thanks to "The Grasshoppers" ("La Cigale"), the American rights to which have been assigned to Maggie Mitchell, the receipts at the London Globe Theatre for the week ending Dec. 15 were larger than for any other similar period in the history of that house, viz., $7,000.....Notwithstanding the rebuff "Sulu" met with at Booth's Theatre, this city, on New-Year's eve, it is probable that Pauline Markham will travel [exit.....Owen Fawcett, who was billed to open at Booth's Theatre, this city, to-night, has, since he informed us that he would withdraw from Daly's Company, entered into an arrangement by which he continues with that gentleman. .....Miss Alice Kingsbury, it is announced, is preparing to embody her theatrical experiences in book-form..... Sims Reeves Jr. will probably make his début in opera next Spring, in London, Eng.....Miss Lilly Cross, a step-daughter of Charles R. Thorne Jr., has been entrusted with a minor role in "The Two Orphans," at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco.....Mortimer Murdock, who many years ago regaled us with Gothamites as a tragedian, has furnished the East London Theatre with its Christmas novelty in a drama having for its title the Irish salutation a thousand years old—"Cead Mile Failthe!".....On Dec. 6 Sims Reeves celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his appearance in opera at Drury-lane, London..... A chief novelty of Edwin Booth's present engagement here will be his impersonation of Cardinal Wolsey..... Labeuchere, manager of the Queen's, London, is surmised to be the anonymous adapter of the version of Sardou's "Pamela" now playing at that house. Sardou is represented as having declared that he has given no one permission to dramatize that play, a version of which, it may be remembered, was given on different occasions at our Grand Opera-house seven or eight years ago..... William Stuart, ex-manager, is coolly domiciled within sight of "The Rag" at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris.....Miss Kate Forsden, Ct., which has been his home for many a year. He writes that he is in fine health and spirits, instead of being on Long Island and in prostration.....The Bowery, he is not too proud to give the bloated aristocrats of Fourteenth street a touch of his inimitable style. It is probable that the worthy Doctor Landis, emulating the good example of the Count, may also favor the bloated ones with one of *his* unapproachable entertainments.....The cat-show ended last Saturday, and we are grieved to say that the first prize, two hundred and fifty dollars, was awarded to a *Cincinnati* cat! Now, if this had been a *hog*-show, and the best prize given to that city, we should have been satisfied that the award was justly made, and of right could not have been made to any other city; but we never knew that Perkopolis took stock in cats. If it is not asking too much, we should like to have a fresh count, and have the jury polled. Cincinnati is becoming a trifle *too* avaricious. It's not the money we care for, but it's the principle of the thing. Against our own better judgment, we went around to the show one day last week. There we found it in full blast—"blast" is an excellent word to use in this connection—and we stood meditatively listening to the chorus for more than an hour. You may not believe it, but it is nevertheless a solemn fact, that out of the strange noises we were able to detect here and there a word, until, by patience, we recognized the following:

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V for variety—that is the crusher;
W stands for the wings of the night;
X is for xit—left, centre, or right;
Y is for youth, for which actresses pine;
Z is the zodiac where the stars shine.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

John Bonner, senior member of the firm whose collapse caused a flutter in Wall street on New Year's eve, is connected by marriage with Lester Wallack, and is no stranger in theatrical circles, having been especially zealous in behalf of Augustin Daly and the French plays produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. His partner was his brother-in-law, Arthur L. Sewell, who six years ago married Flora, daughter of John Lester Wallack. Among those who had had financial dealings with this luckless firm are H. J. Montague and the nephew of the late N. B. Clarke..... The manly art of assault and defense is being cultivated among the profession. On Dec. 20, in Rochester, N. Y., George S. Knight tapped the os-frontis of J. W. Fox, a member of the Opera-house company, that city. The law then interposed its majesty. Knight's combination had just closed at the Opera-house, and in entering the railroad depot to depart from Rochester, he met Fox, and the latter was coming out of the depot. One of the sisters is the wife of Mr. Knight, who, upon learning of the collision, left the next train for Corinthian Tom in Corinthian Hall. McKee Rankin and Harry Meredith were not present.....In this city, on Dec. 19, in deciding the case of Mongan against Mongan in the suit for absolute divorce brought by Emma Elizabeth Arnott against Edward Job Arnott, both formerly of Wallack's Theatre, Judge Sedgwick remarked: "In order to make out a libel, it is necessary to express an opinion as to the merits or the controversy; but on the facts presented as to the ceremony testified to by plaintiff, I must express my discretion by declining the present application."....Mapleson's recent season of opera at cheap prices at Her Majesty's, London, is reputed to have yielded him a profit of £5,000. Hence cheap opera in Italian at that house, and in English at the Adelphi, is prophesied for February next.....And now the Philadelphia managers threaten to bless that city with cheap prices.....Poor Boucicault has for years wholly disappeared should not be produced until after his death. It is thought that he will spend a good deal of his time in Europe. Victorien Sardou has a new piece, which he will read to the company at the Comédie Française, but will not himself appear in it. Victoria-Lafontaine has been specially engaged for one of the leading parts.....A new opera, "Gilles de Bretagne," by Henri Kowalski, has been brought out at the Théâtre Lyrique, and is praised and blamed by turns—blamed oftener than praised.....Mme. Durand has made a moderately successful début at the Italian Opera, Paris.....George Clarke and wife ar

week just closed has not
e production of anything
es of the previous week
but not crowded houses,
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played to a large business
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rbans. It will be contin-
. Mr McCullough com-
.....At the Globe Theatre
ed the entire week. Miss
benefit 3, when Gus Wil-
specialties. On the occa-
thersby's appeal 4, "Fenny
e beneficiary appearing
tingale and N. C. Good-
Bag, giving popular imi-
benefit of J. Cheever
Bradham 5, Gus Williams
Ella Chapman gave ba-
athersby sang a number
the Octoroon" will be re-
Forrest, Luke Schoolcraft,
ris Levick, and some fifty
r in the cast.....At the
cket on the Hearth" and
" were shelved 5, and a re-
tt Rowe's drama of "The
obtained great popularity
ion here four seasons ago,
Perrichon" (Le Voyage de
e Angel of Midnight" are
ion.....The obsequies of
occurred in the Bulfinch-
rning of Jan. 1. The serv-
by the Rev. A. D. Lathrop
and consisted of prayer,
uartet of male voices, and
inkley. The dramatic pro-
esented. Delegations from
Masons, Grand Lodge and
ment, of which deceased
onored member, were also
interred in Mount Auburn
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in, on account of continued
part for Nassau, N. P.....
t the American Society for
stage will be given at the
n February, Mr. Stetson
ven the use of the the-
Joseph Jefferson permits
"Rip Van Winkle," and
play his imitation of Mr.
cter.....It will be contin-
Globe Theatre, was to be
esented with a gold watch
of his colaborers. J. Mur-
of the donors.....Fred
Harris, Robson, Wood and J. C.
dramatic works, which will
or public approval.....J.
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has agreed to furnish
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ness in the family during
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benefit of Mr. Cheever
ed this evening. Miss
ed for the fifty-
d by John Rice, the original
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inscribed. At the same
ge in money was made to
n been employed at the
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MUSEUM, "Aladdin, or
troducing the Japs, was
ending Jan. 5; Jackits-
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Francis commences an
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e in Philadelphia. Kate
s commence an engage-
ent Jan. 14, in their new

ceived its last repre-
Theatre, Philadelphia,
d on that occasion by
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dson Doud took Frank
d during the second
Clock." Kate Claxton,
tevenson, opens Jan. 7
Rose Eytinge will ap-
d Cleopatra."

ARRY, "pecelled by
a Mother," constituted
neatnut-street Theatre,
he third Shakespearian
mmences Jan. 7, when
presented, with new
and a cast including
ill then make his first

TRE, Philadelphia, the
ding Jan. 5 included
olek," Val Vose, Mon-
Postard Brothers in a
mic pantomime "Fol-
and Frank and Clara

EK, Philadelphia, com-
ntimate establishment
Foster's sensational
as presented, the cast
W. Middleton, C. K.
C. Stewart, A. H. Den-
die Coggswell, Minnie
ehind at Seven,
the present week.
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fferred to the follow-
ol., Jan. 7, Lancaster,
le 10, Reading 11, and
owe takes J. B. Stud
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's engagement at the
ct 31 in "Sam." The
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considering the fact
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, many persons have
to produce a piece
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inee. Mr. Chanfrau
Va. Mr. Tayleure's
port Mrs. Chanfrau.
nced for Jan. 7, 8, 9,
rau the remainder of

ell-known dramatist,
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eek are local. Ad-

o perform in Nash-
.....Miss Louise
C. Williamson and
Joseph Murphy 10,
Troupe Feb. 1, 2.

CINCINNATI DRAMATIC NEWS, dated Jan. 4, is forwarded by our correspondent thus: "At Robinson's Opera-house Messrs. Robson and Crane have, during this their second week, produced 'Our Bachelors' Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 'Forbidden Fruit' matinee 1, evening 2, 3, and 'Our Married Men' 4, 5. The last drama, written by H. Noel Gordon, Esq., received its initial production on any stage 4, with the following cast of characters: Ichabod Tarragon, pickle merchant of Paterson, New Jersey, Stuart Robson; Benjamin Buttercup, a bridegroom in difficulties, W. H. Crane; Major Hector A. Squod, W. F. Owen; Mr. Dumdodle, W. H. Gillette; Spratt, S. R. Reed; Mr. Groffin, R. Wilson; Irma Groffin, Miss Emma Pierce; Lillian, Miss Alecia Robson; Mrs. General Featherton, Miss Ella Wren; Clara Tucker, Miss Nellie Boyd. The plot of the comedy may be epitomized as follows: The first act opens upon the wedding-day of Benjamin Buttercup, who has just returned from a ride in Central Park, during which his horse has eaten a lady's imported and valuable hat, of such odd design as to make it difficult to replace. He is pursued by the fair owner and a gentleman friend who had been with her in the Park. The plot reveals that the hat must be replaced by one of the same make, as she cannot return to her husband, who, of course, knows the hat as soon as he sees it. While Buttercup is trying to console the luckless lady, Tarragon, father of the bride, Lillian, the girl about to be married, and the entire wedding-party arrive. The hat must be replaced before the wedding can take place, and Buttercup's search for a hat like the one his horse devoured—which leads him from New York to Brooklyn, and from there back to New York, with the infuriated father and the entire bridal party, some twenty-two in all, at his heels—is the channel through which the fun of the piece is supplied. At last, at ten o'clock at night, a hat, similar to the one eaten, is discovered among the bride's wedding-presents, which have been imported and presented to the bride by an uncle. This hat is given to the distressed woman, who goes home, and the wedding is happily concluded. It will be seen that the play is a broad farce. It is a good contrast to 'Our Bachelors,' in more than name. In the new piece Mr. Crane is seen as a youthful bridegroom, while Mr. Robson is a paterfamilias, and are severally funny, and the situations in the comedy provoke continual laughter—a fact not a little due to the excellent acting, which revealed few of the hitches naturally to be expected in the first performance of a new play. Messrs. Owen and Reed helped Materially to keep up the fun in the drama; Messrs. Gillette and Wilson did their parts commendably; and Misses Pierce, Robson, Wren and Boyd performed with refreshing *verve* and abandon. Robson and Crane, together with Miss Alecia Robson, who improved greatly, close to-morrow. Mrs. Rachel Macauley opens 'In A Mother's Secret.'.....Miss Fannie Francis, who has won golden opinions by her graceful and spirited performance of the leading roles in 'Forbidden Fruit' and 'Our Bachelors,' has been dangerously ill of pleurisy the past two days. She is now considered out of danger.....Maggie Mitchell, during her second week at the Grand Opera-house, gave 'The Pearl of Savoy' Dec. 31, Jan. 1, matinee and night, and Barefoot' matinee 2 and 5, 'Jorrie's,' 'Fanchon' 3, and 'Mignon' 4. In all of these she has received most excellent support from that sterling actor William Harris and the St. Louis company. The houses have been very large, the matinee New-Year's Day being the largest afternoon performance ever given in the house, the receipts reaching within a fraction of $1,500. Miss Mitchell and Mr. Harris close to-morrow, going to New York. Rose Eytinge in 'Cleopatra' 7, McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard 14.....William Harris joined Lingard's company at Pike's 3."

MISS LOUISE POMEROY, supported by one of Manager John T. Ford's companies, commenced an engagement of four nights in Owens' Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C., Dec. 31, in "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night" 1, "Cymbeline" 2, "As You Like It" repeated 3. Business has been fair during this engagement. Miss Pomeroy as Imogen evinced undoubted talent. Theodore Hamilton as Posthumous was excellent, as were also Messrs. Charles Overly as Belarius and Atkins Lawrence as Iachimo. Messrs. Henham, Burton, Moore and Wise deserve praise for their efforts. Miss Charline Weidman as the Queen acquitted herself satisfactorily. Miss Alfa Peyser as Helen was a success. The company is billed in Augusta, Ga., 7, 8; Atlanta 9, 10, Montgomery, Ala., 11, 12, New Orleans, La., 14, one week, Memphis, Tenn., 21, for a like period, and Nashville 28, 29, 30. Rice's "Evangeline" Combination is to appear 7. Letter of Jan. 4.

BURBANK'S Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., continued large during the second and last week of Mary Anderson's engagement. "Ion" was acted Dec. 31 and Jan. 1. The evening of 2 was set apart for the benefit of Manager John W. Norton, whose numerous friends filled the house, and by repeated and vociferous applause showed their appreciation of his meritorious performance of Macbeth, Miss Anderson's Lady Macbeth was almost too young in appearance, but her acting was at times good, but in the sleep-walking scene she did the sleep-walking scene won her a call before the curtain. W. F. Edwards did surprisingly well as Macduff, and no little praise is due the company for their excellent singing of the music of Locke's witches 3 "Fazio" was offered. "Ingomar" will be given 4, and a repetition of "Macbeth" closes the engagement, which has been very successful. The Freyer Opera Troupe begins 7.....'Uncle Tom's Cabin," performed by the regular stock company of the Olympic, will constitute the attraction for the week commencing Jan. 7. Charles A. Haslam, formerly treasurer of the Olympic, has been secured to fill a like position at the Opera-house, and commences his new duties Jan. 7.....Manager John W. Norton takes out Mary Anderson for a lengthy tour of the Southern States, and has engaged the following company to support her: George Morton, W. S. Harkins, H. B. Norman, O. H. Stevens, Charles Hawkins, George Barrett, Edward Powell, E. McDowell, W. D. Turner, B. Fahey, A. Z. Chipman, Mrs. H. Hallen, Miss Ella Barrett, Miss Lillie Hall, and Mittens Willett. John R. Rodgers is advance-agent. They open in Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 7, for one week, thence to Nashville 14, 15, 16, 17, Chattanooga 18, Knoxville 19, Lynchburg, Va., 21, 22, Petersburg 23, Norfolk 24, Richmond 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, formerly of the Opera-house, took a benefit at the National Hall Jan. 1. Good house and good show. Letter of Jan. 4.

OUR BALTIMORE, MD., CORRESPONDENT, under date of Jan. 5, thus writes: "The interest that centred in Joseph Jefferson at Ford's Grand Opera-house is unabated, and he has filled the house for two whole weeks. 'Rip Van Winkle' was given Dec. 31, Jan. 1, matinee and night, and on 5, matinee and night. 'The Rivals' and 'A Regular Fix' 2, and 'The Rivals' and 'Lend Me Five Shillings' 4, for benefit. Joseph Jefferson closed 5, to take a short vacation. Jan. 7, 'Sea of Ice,'.....Janauschek played at the new Academy of Music the week of Dec. 31, to poor business.....'The Danites' attracted large audiences to Canmore's Holliday-street Theatre. The scenic was appropriate and correctly given, and McKee Rankin and the other members of the company gave a faithful portraiture of the different characters in the play. They closed Jan. 5, for Pittsburg. Underplot for 7: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard."

"FOUL PLAY" was the attraction at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, but it failed to attract—in fact, it would have saved the manager money had it closed his doors, as the wrote our correspondent on Jan. 4, continuing: "It is a melancholy truth that our citizens will not turn out to see the stock company, no matter in what piece they may appear, or how handsomely the play may be mounted. Mr. Macauley has for several seasons past given us a series of good stock companies and the best stellar attractions in the country, and yet he has lost money every season since he opened his beautiful new theatre. He pays a good salary, and our city will be minus a regular company, and have to depend upon such stray combinations as may have the temerity to venture a series of performances. Miss Emma Pierce appeared to good advantage as Helen Rolleston. R. Wilson bore off the palm, as far as acting is concerned, as Solomon Isaacs. F. C. Huebner is too inexperienced to attempt such a role as Robert Penfold. He is a painstaking and meritorious young actor, but as yet leading business is beyond his reach. Miss Lydia Denier was a very acceptable Sarah. Arthur Wardlaw made an inoffensive representation of John Gardner. Theo. Morris made a good Michael Penfold, although the best portion of his part was cut out. The rest of the cast was uniformly good. The company returned to Cincinnati after Tuesday-night's performance, and Freyer's Opera Company appeared 2.

STUART ROBSON and W. H. Crane open 9.

THE SECOND WEEK of "The Shaughraun" at the Opera-house, Pittsburg, Pa., resulted profitably to the management. Jan. 7, "The Danites."

During the progress of the performances Jan. 1 Manager J. Newton Gotthold was made the recipient of a silver service by the members of his company. Mr. Crampton, business-manager of the establishment, did the honors on behalf of the company, and Mr. Gotthold, although taken by surprise, found befitting words to express his gratitude to the donors. The service embraces five pieces—a pitcher, salver, two goblets and bowl. On the salver is the inscription: "Presented to J. Newton Gotthold by the members of the Opera-house company January 1, 1878." On the pitcher the words "Happy New Year" are carved. The other pieces contain the letter "G.," and all are beautifully chased. After the close of the performances an elegant supper was served on the stage, which was enjoyed to the utmost by the participants. Dancing was next in order, and the curtain did not fall on the final act until near four o'clock on the morning of Jan. 2. Bartley Campbell's "Peril or Life at Long Branch," was played at Library Hall Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, to moderate patronage. Mr. Campbell was tendered a benefit Jan. 4, the bill comprising "Van the Virginian," and the third act of "How Women Love," "What Baby in Pinafore" recited by Mr. Campbell, and Chas. Vivian in comic vocalism. On Jan. 7 "Aladdin" will be produced by Ellsler & Canning's stock company. The Campbell Comedy Company opens in Cleveland, O., on Jan. 7.....Sid. S. Hicks of the Opera-house Company has been quite ill for some days, but is slowly convalescing. His character in "The Shaughraun" was acted by Mr. Sid. Ellis. Letter of Jan. 4.

THE METROPOLITAN COMEDY COMPANY, with Daisie Markoe as the attraction, supported by F. M. Cottrill, closed a successful engagement in Martinsville, Ind., Jan. 5. Route: Franklin 7, 8, 9, Shelbyville 10, 11, 12, Rushville 14, 15, 16. Business is reported excellent. A lady for soubrettes and several other artists are advertised for.

E. T. STETSON performed in Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 2 and 3, and is billed in Muncie 7, Richmond 8, Dayton, O., 9, Xenia 10, Springfield 11, Columbus 12, Newark 14, Janesville 15, and Wheeling, W. Va., 16.

ROSE EYTINGE, G. C. Boniface and a company performed "Antony and Cleopatra" in Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 3, 4, 5.

THE WALLACE SISTERS are to perform in Edenburgh, Pa., Jan. 7, 8.

THE WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is to perform in Fall River, Mass., Jan. 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

THE ROGERS COMEDY COMPANY, consisting of E. O. Rogers, Harry Stetson, A. F. Miller, A. L. Fanshawe, Chas. Downing, Mrs. E. O. Rogers, Miss Emma Lewis, Miss Nellie Stanly, and Chas. A. Miller, agent, open in Dansville, N. Y., Jan. 10, for three nights, Canersaraga 14 and 15, and Nunda 16 and 17.

ROBERT FRASER, clown, can be engaged to produce his drama-pantomime of "Santa Claus, or the Miser's Dream," by addressing as per advertisement.

THE LINGARDS have open dates in February and March, for which they can be engaged. See address in our advertising department.

THE SECOND WEEK of the variety season at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, proved as uniformly successful as did the first. The house was crowded, afternoon and evening, New-Year's Day, and filled throughout the week. The performance opened with a clog-dance by Master Willie Dooley, followed by James Messenger in his clever cannon-ball act; Giovanni introducing musical selections on glasses; a refreshingly funny sketch by Schoolcraft and Coes entitled "Our Alabama Homes:" songs and changes by John F. Sheridan, formerly of Sheridan and Mack; skillful gymnastic performances by Suydam, Clifton, Forepaugh and Suydam; Alecia Jourdan in character-songs; Giovanni's performing canary birds; Kitty O'Neil's graceful jig dancing; Schoolcraft and Coes in "Music vs. Elocution," and Hilda Thomaso in vocal selections. The merits of this bill were sufficient to win for each of the participants a liberal share of applause. On the first three nights of the week "A Voyage of Discovery" was given, in which Miss Kate Ellison appeared as a debutante. The lady is pretty, but she did not achieve success in her first venture on the stage. The piece dragged wearily, and on Thursday was substituted "The Happiest Man in the World." This gave George R. Edeson an opportunity to create unlimited amusement in the character of Paddy Murphy. The present is the last week of the brief season of variety, when the following new faces are announced: Sam Devere, the Kernells, Alice Bennett, Emerson, Clarke and the Ward Brothers, Ida Morris, Harry Kennedy, George Dunbar, Sig. Bartello and Murphy and Morton. Wednesday's performances are set apart for the benefit of George R. Edeson, an actor whose popularity is commensurate with his abilities. Maggie Mitchell appears Jan. 16, to be followed by John McCullough, John E. Owens, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, John T. Raymond and other prominent stars.

J. P. ADDAMS, aided by amateurs, acted in "The Fireman" and "The Vermont Wool-dealer" in Burlington, Me., during the firemen's jubilee Jan. 3, 4.

MISS NELLIE JOHNSON has become permanently connected with the West-end Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., and will hereafter manage the stage. Performances will be given every Monday and Thursday evening, and Saturday afternoons juvenile entertainments. The first week "Pat Lanahan" will be presented Jan. 7, 10 and matinee 12.

ERNEST STANLEY publishes a card respectfully declining offers of engagements, as he has accepted the position of business-agent with "The Phœnix" Combination.

FANNY B. PRICE acted with John A. Elsler's company, supporting Miss Von Stamwitz, in Milwaukee, Wis., the past week.

JANE COOMBS and company are to perform in Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 10 and 11.

ADELAIDE DANIELS' Harmonia Troupe, W. T., the Adah Richmond Burlesque Troupe performed Dec. 24, 25, 1877.....Deakin's Lilliputian Opera Company is billed for Jan. 7, 8.....Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels 14.....Caroline Richings-Bernard's Opera Troupe 17, 18, 19.

TACS.—There is no fact in the report that Miss Jean Clara Walters is in a Pittsburg poorhouse. She should be acting on the Pacific coast. This stupid blunder comes from the circumstance that a *Mrs.* Walters, singer or actress, was about two months ago, as then mentioned in our columns, placed in the poorhouse in Pittsburg. The lady was soon taken in charge by her relatives and friends of this city.....Miss Anna Dickinson has since New-Year's Day been at her writing-desk and a new play.....It may interest many of the older readers to learn that Mrs. Perrin, owner of the trotter Flora Temple in 1859, is still hale and hearty, although a sexagenarian. Younger readers will be interested to learn that Mrs. Perrin is the addition that Mr. Perrin is the father of Mrs. George Fawcett Rowe, professionally known as Miss Kate Girard.....James B. Fray, known to professionals on the Pacific coast as a clerk in the American Exchange Hotel, San Francisco, when under the management of Bailey Sergeant, died in Olympia, W. T., on Dec. 11. He went to San Francisco from Lake Providence, Louisiana, in 1850, and has been a member of the Common Council of Olympia.....A. Z. Chipman has withdrawn from Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau's Combination and will join the Wallace Sisters. Mary Anderson on her Southern tour.....Harry Meredith of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, late of the Bijou, and a son of Agnes Leach, the late Mrs. Kea Rankin has been sued by the managers of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for breach of contract and $5,000 damages. The defendant has filed a rejoinder bill, and purposes commencing a cross-suit against the aforesaid managers for "damages and malicious prosecution."..... W. B. Sweet has removed from 938 Race street, for the accommodation of the theatrical fraternity of the Quaker City.....John Henderson of the Providence Opera-house, Providence, R. I., has leased, and a well-known Philadelphia manager had an interview with Robert Fox, the proprietor of the American Theatre, on Jan. 4, one and all being prepared to close negotiations relative to the lease of the said theatre by Mr. Fox to one of the above-mentioned three, each offering to pay half a year's rent in advance then and there; but at the negotiations came to a sudden close when it was made known that there was an additional mortgage of ten thousand dollars on the theatre, which had been transferred to the business-manager, and that he must be retained unless the said mortgage was paid.....Lotta is at present residing in Philadelphia, being discharged from the attendance of physicians, and is convalescing rapidly.....The attendance at the variety theatres was large over New-Year's

RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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Chronology of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1877.

Sporting Chronology for 1877.

Chronology of Important Events, Including a Condensed History of the Exciting Political Struggle and the Railroad War of the Year.

A Review of the Baseball Season, with the Names of the Players and a Record of Model Games; Also a Record of the Highest Cricket Scores.

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WITH OTHER VALUABLE INFORMATION TO THOSE USING THE MAILS.

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Astronomical.

CALCULATIONS OF ECLIPSES, THE SEASONS, MOVABLE FESTIVALS, ETC.

Calendars.

Illustrations.

FRONTISPIECE.
THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
THE CIRCUS BOY.
OCTOBER.
THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE.
CAPS FOR FOOLS AND A GAG FOR SCOLDS.
A SPORTING SCENE.
SHAKESPEARIAN MEDAL.
THE HEADSMAN'S TOOLS.
A SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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POEMS—"ART," by E. NORMAN GUNNISON.
"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS," by TOM HOOD.
"THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE," by VANDYKE BROWN.
"THE CIRCUS BOY," by L. K. ADAMS.
"OCTOBER," by MARC COOK.
"MOTHER AND CHILD," a Musical Anecdote, by BARRY ALDEN.
"A FABLE," by J. R. SMITH.
"CAPS FOR FOOLS AND A GAG FOR SCOLDS."
"THE HEADSMAN'S TOOLS."
"MAIL TIME, ETC., TO PROMINENT CITIES."
"SHAKESPEARIAN MEDAL,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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